



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



HN N9EA A

23475.28



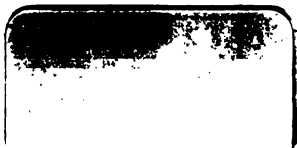
Harvard College Library.

BEQUEST OF

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Class of 1838.

Received Nov. 14, 1891.







6

RESTORMEL:
A LEGEND OF PIERS GAVESTON.

THE PATRIOT PRIEST,

AND OTHER VERSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE VALE OF LANHERNE, &c.

Henry Sewell Stokes

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1875.

23475.28

Harvard College Library.

Nov. 14, 1891.

LOWELL BEQUEST

BODMIN :

PRINTED BY LIDDELL AND SON.

CONTENTS.



RESTORMEL	1
NOTES	69
INTERLEAVES.	

COME FORTH! FOR THE MORNING IS BREAKING	81
AND PUNCTUAL I WENT TO THE BOWER .	84
I WOO'D AND I WON HER	87
HOMeward	89
THE MAGPIES AND THE MARROWBONE . .	92
THE WRESTLER	95
INA'S COOMBE	100
EXPOSTULATION	110
THE HOTEL	114
WESTWARD AND SOUTHWARD	118

A LAWYER OF THE OLD TYPE	.	.	.	125
A PARSON OF THE OLD TYPE	.	.	.	133
LOST ON THE PERRAN SANDS	.	.	.	142
THE GULL ROCK	.	.	.	145
THE CLOUDS ABOVE US GATHER	.	.	.	149
THE YEARS	.	.	.	152
WEeping YET SMILING	.	.	.	154
HAST THOU THY CARES?	.	.	.	158
HOW ARE THE BURTHENS BORNE?	.	.	.	159
BEATRICE	.	.	.	160
THE PATRIOT PRIEST	.	.	.	161
NOTE	.	.	.	199

RESTORMEL:

A LEGEND OF PIERS GAVESTON.

‘CERTES, it may move compassion, that a palace, so healthful for aire, so delightful for prospect, so necessary for commodities, so fayre (in regard of these days) for building, and so strong for defence, should, in time of secure peace, and under the protection of its naturall Princes, be wronged with those spoylings, than which it could endure no greater at the hands of a forrayne and deadly enemy : for the Parke is disparked, the timbers rooted up, the conduit pipes taken away, the roofe made sale of, the planching rotten, the walls fallen downe, and the hewed stones of the windowes, dournes and clavels pluct out to serve private dwellings : onely there remayneth an utter defacement, to complayne upon this unregarded distresse.’

CAREW’S SURVEY OF CORNWALL, 1602.

RESTORMEL.



CANTO I.

DAY wanes apace, and yet the Sun
Looks as if he had now begun
His course, returning from the West ;
O'er Mawgan flames his golden crest,
Roughtor's dark brow is helm'd with fire,
And the bluff headlands of Pentire
Like shields emboss'd with silver glow.
Glistening and murmuring as they flow,
Camel and Fowey* seek different shores ;
And North and South the eye explores
Two spreading seas of purple sheen,
That blend with Heaven's own depths serene.

* Pronounced Foy, and so spelt by Carew and Norden.

Inland, from crag and bosky height
Hoar turrets spring like shafts of light,
While in the dales the deepening shades
Extend, and reach the forest glades.

Descending from the breezy Down,
I turn from Bodmin's ancient town
And skirt the banks of Fowey's clear stream,
And through the osiers see the gleam
Of scales would please old Walton's eye,
Did he with baited line pass by.
From the fair, hospitable roof
Which Vivian rear'd I keep aloof,
And pass, though few to leave would choose,
Lanhydrock's stately avenues.
At last, as if some mystic Power
Had in the greenwood built his Tower,
Restormel to the gaze presents
Its range of lofty battlements :
One part in crypt-like gloom, the rest
Lit up as for a Royal guest,

And crimson banners in the sky
Seem from the parapets to fly.
Where tapers gleam'd at close of day
The sunset sheds its transient ray,
And carols the belated bird
Where once the vesper hymn was heard.

Slowly the sylvan mount I climb,
Like bard who toils at some tall rhyme ;
And now I reach the moat's broad marge,
And at each pace more fair and large
The antique pile grows on my sight,
Though sullen Time's resistless might,
Stronger than storms or bolts of Heaven,
Through wall and buttress rents has riven ;
And wider gaps had here been seen
But for the ivy's buckler green,
With stems like stalwart arms sustain'd :
Here else had little now remain'd
But heaps of stone, or mounds o'ergrown
With nettles, or with hemlock sown.

Under the mouldering gate I pass,
And, as upon the thick, rank grass
With muffled sound my footstep falls,
Waking no echo from the walls,
I feel as one who chanced to tread
The solemn precincts of the dead.
There stood the ample Hall, and here
The Chapel did its altar rear ;
All round the spacious chambers rose,
Now swept by every wind that blows.
By those stone stairs, abrupt and steep,
You reach the ramparts of the Keep,
And thence may view, as I do now,
Through opening trees or arching bough
The distant town, its bridge and spire,
And hostel, which some most admire ;
The valley with its sparkling wreath
Of ripples ; the empurpled heath
Of downs o'er which the lark still trills ;
The dusky underwoods ; the hills,

Some plumed with lofty nodding trees,
And fringed with rich embroideries
Of clover, corn, or woodland flowers,
Some deck'd with granges, halls and bowers.
O ! not in all the Western land
From Morwenstowe to Kynance strand,
Can lovelier prospect charm the eye,
Yet with each rock-bound coast so nigh
That you can hear the billows roar,
And see the birds of Ocean soar.

Few signs of the Bass Court are found,
Whose Oven, full seven fathoms round,
Was 'mong the ruins left as proof
That guests beneath the Hall's groin'd roof
Did with their viands lack not bread.
Nor, when the polish'd oak was spread,
Lack'd they fat haunch—the acres then
Were not carved out by scrivener's pen ;
All either wastrel was or park,
And few could tell their own land-mark,

Or, knowing, dared assert their right,
For then the realm was ruled by Might;
Not that there were not rigid laws,
Like scutcheons in a lion's paws.

But who lived here in those far times,
What their achievements, wrongs or crimes ?
Canst tell who built this hoary pile,
Who, after, changed its ruder style,
And did those pointed arches frame ?
Canst give the founder's date or name ?
The proud Cardinans once dwelt here,
About whose accent I'm not clear,
The first or the penultimate :
Let others about that debate,
Endow'd with a linguistic taste,
Or having leisure they can waste.
But a false accent or wrong vowel
In Cornwall once would cause a duel ;
As to some critics that last rhyme
May seem a literary crime :

The feud between the I-s and Y-s
For ages lasted, nor yet dies,
Like that one reads and ne'er forgets
'Twixt Montagues and Capulets.

Of the fore-named this was the seat,
And friends would here kind welcome meet,
And foes reception find as hard ;
For, when the portal once was barr'd,
The assailants had the moat to swim,
And face high walls and warders grim.
Who piled these stones is still a matter
For archæologic heads to batter ;
Enough to know that, like wise man,
According to the old Cornish plan
De Tracey fair Isolda married,
And with her heart the Castle carried.
Then for Devonian manors she
Exchanged her widow's bower in fee,
Keep, oven, park, and woods and commons,
With Cornwall's Earl, King of the Romans !

Twice the Black Prince, who had no peer
In field or tourney, sojourn'd here ;
From whom it did at last descend
To our own Duke—whom God defend !
Here proud De Montfort for a while
Did at his foes defiant smile ;
A Granville held it for King Charles ;
Barebones pray'd here as mastiff snarls,
And Roundheads snored upon this perch
While, stabled in Lostwithiel Church,
Their stallions champ'd and neigh'd each time
They heard the steeple's punctual chime.
The White Owl since those days remains
The Keep's sole warder, and complains
Of steps and voices strange at night,
When the Moon doth her lantern light.

And hither from the Holy Land
Spurr'd Red-Cross Knights, with dinted brand,
And lance and shield by usage hard
In combat like the owners scarr'd.

Prone as most warriors to carouse,
They made the Keep a Revel-house ;
Well plenish'd was their roomy board,
And choice wines from large flagons pour'd ;
And Ladies oft, in proud array,
Came on their prancing jennets gay,
With minstrels, prompt at every call
To ply their craft in bower and hall.
Then nimbly sped the starry hours
Until the dew slipt from the flowers,
And the dames made their Chestnuts foam
As with their escort they went home.

Here I seem like to stay as long,
Though bare the board and mute the song ;
For night has come, bats round me flit,
With stars the roofless hall is lit,
And the wind whistles through the arches
The tune to which Time's quick step marches.
I have slept, or else the weed narcotic
Has wrapt me in a cloud Quixotic ;

And, resting on this couch of moss,
Other romantic fancies cross
My brain, and scenes and faces strange
Appear, and then to others change ;
As oft, in drowsy lassitude,
Life's panorama is renew'd.

The Hall is roof'd once more, the stars
Are turn'd to lamps, the mullion bars
Are hung with Norman tapestry,
And, to the sound of minstrelsy,
Many a gorgeous-vested Knight
And many a Lady rarely dight
Over the tassellated floor
The mazes of the dance explore :
One Knight in stature and in grace
Excelling all, and his fair face,
Though high the features, wears a smile
That might the haughtiest Dame beguile.
It is proud, gay Piers Gaveston,
Who hath the Cornish Earldom won,

And of this Castle now is lord.
He well can handle lance or sword,
Whether in tournament or field,
And all to him in bower must yield ;
In festal hall without a peer ;
His voice is melody to hear,
And, when his fingers touch the lute,
Not Blondell could with him dispute
The prize for skill ; but in the dance
He is a vision of Romance,
And Venus, had she seen him glide,
Had fled from Mars with him to bide.

Fair is the Lady whom he leads,
She wears no wreath, no gem she needs,
No rose could match her blooming cheek,
The bees her dimpled mouth would seek.
Her auburn tresses float as free
As wavelets of the summer sea,
Whose azure tints her eyes have borrow'd,
And look as though they ne'er had sorrow'd,

As if they had not shed one tear,
So soft, so lucid, and so clear.
And worthy of her face her form,
Throbbing with life, as pure as warm,
Her steps pulsating to her heart ;
And, while she does fresh grace impart
To her co-mate, he round her throws
Lustre like sunshine on a rose.
But the dance ceases—hark ! the chords
Prelude the strain, and these the words
The Master of Restormel sings,
While to his touch respond the strings :—

THE CRUSADER CAPTIVE.

1

I quaff'd the purple Lusian wine,
I cull'd the bloom of Cyprus' vine,
And 'neath the stars of Palestine
 I saw the black eyes flashing ;
I watch'd the Paynim war-steeds bound,
Like lightning leaping o'er the ground,
And with the thunder heard the sound
 Of drums and cymbals clashing.

2

But I survived the potent grape,
I weather'd Calpe's gusty Cape,
And did the Syrens' Rocks escape,
 Where many a bark is stranded :
I did not to the houris yield,
I had a lance and bore a shield,
And 'gainst their lovers in the field
 I ventured single-handed.

3

Yet when again I reach'd fair France,
And caracoled through gay Provence,
I found each glance was like a lance,
 Nor could my shield avail me :
So here across the stormy Sea
I did from the encounter flee,
And vainly hoped I safe should be,
 Whoever might assail me.

4

But love did still my steps pursue,
And then I saw the eyes were blue
That pierced my hauberk through and through,
 Nor at the stroke relented :
I would again have cross'd the Main,
And given my restive steed the rein,
And spurr'd to Salem's towers again,
 Had not those eyes prevented.

Frown not, sweet maid ! when clarions call
If still my war-steed paws the stall,
My lance leans rusting on the wall,
 My glaive unsheath'd is never ;
My shield is lost, my gauntlets stray,
And, if I with thy tresses play,
Or touch the lute, or breathe a lay,
 Forgive my weak endeavour.

6

Let others quaff the Lusian wine,
Let others cull the Cyprian vine,
And go where darker eyes than thine
 From Eastern bowers are flashing :
Yet bid me, and once more I'll bound
O'er Ocean, and on God's own ground
Hail the shrill trumpet's glorious sound,
 And the drums and cymbals clashing.

CANTO II.

No sooner ended was the song
Than the lamps paled, the brilliant throng
To corpses changed in sheet and shroud,
And o'er the Hall a pall-like cloud
Was spread, and on the uneven ground
I sank as on a churchyard's mound,
And slept as if I too were dead.
How long upon my cold damp bed
I lay, I knew not; but at last
A wild yet gleesome trumpet-blast
Roused me, and then into the night
By the long torches' flaring light
Forth from the Castle's gate, thrown wide,
While the gaunt warders stood each side,

Rode first that knightly form superb
Upon a steed he scarce could curb,
Follow'd by Cornwall's chivalry ;
And I was in their company,
Or rather kept in the same track
Upon my jaded, fleshless hack.
I heard some names that we still spell,
Trelawny, Granville, Arundell,
Trevanion, and like doughty men,
But most began with Tre, Pol, Pen.
And, when their horses touch'd the turf,
They flew and foam'd like ocean's surf ;
Down through the rocky glens they dash,
Among the granite splinters crash,
While their hoofs scatter flakes of fire ;
Then plunge through flood and bog and mire.
It seem'd a band of Demon Knights,
With hell-hounds hunting evil sprites.

And so they travell'd all the day,
As fast, as reckless, and as gay.

Their coursers fleeter than the wind,
They soon had left me far behind ;
Yet from ravines and woodlands hollow
I heard them shout, and scarce dared follow.
At times they like a pack would yell,
Then groans of some mishap would tell ;
But through the din the Gascon's laugh
Rang like a well-plied quarterstaff
On some hard pate at Lammas fair,
Provoking growls as from a bear.
They seem'd to ride for life or death,
And paused but seldom to take breath.
At length towards a moated Keep
Around a hill I saw them sweep ;
And then I heard a bugle-horn
Peal loud and clear ; and there till morn
They rested, and renew'd the feast,
While I, dismounting, fed my beast.

Soon as the shades of night were gone
They harness'd, and again prick'd on,

But not so furious as at first,
Though oft indulging in a burst.
So they from day to day renew'd
Their journey, like a brotherhood
Of Templars to the Holy Shrine,
Not stinting either food or wine.
But some, more like to Arabs wild,
Rush'd from the ranks as they defiled,
And scour'd the plain, and with the lance
Would play queer antics ; then advance
And charge at phantoms in the air,
Or flee from foes that were not there.

One eve, from a dark colonnade
Of stately elms the cavalcade
Emerged, and saw a Gothic pile,
With tapers glimmering in each aisle ;
And, wafted through the stilly air,
Came sounds of psalmody and prayer.
Check'd was the mirth of Knight and Squire,
Some of them chanted with the choir,

And the blithe Gascon proved that he
Was versed in sacred harmony,
And sweetly, when the day grew dim,
As monk could sing the vesper hymn ;
Nay, so could modulate his tones
Either at matins or at nones,
That 'mid a saintly sisterhood
He for a treble might have stood.
Others, remembering recent sin,
Alighted, and went noiseless in
Through the low porch, and, kneeling meekly,
Made vows that would be broken quickly.

The service over, and relieved
Their burden'd spirits, they received
From Prior and Monks such cordial greeting
As there is now slight chance of meeting.
Each steed was housed in a warm stall,
With store of grain; and in the hall
Of the Refectory sat each guest,
The Gascon by the Prior, the rest

Beside the Monks alternately,
But each as due to his degree ;
While I stay'd at the lower end,
And proved the Sacrist a kind friend.
With flesh well-garnish'd was the board,
And like a fount the red wine pour'd,
And there was joke and gibe and tale,
For why should gloom for aye prevail ?
There is a time to laugh, to weep,
A time to toil, a time to sleep,
Though on that night the hours for slumber
Struck, but none did their warnings number ;
Until the bell of midnight knell'd,
When the owls shriek'd, the beagles yell'd,
The Prior and all the Monks became
Cowl'd spectres, and the great log's flame
Burn'd blue, and every belted Knight
And each Squire vanish'd like a sprite,
Nor did I longer tarry there,
But crept and slept I know not where.

Was it a dream ? I only know
Once more before the sun did show
Above the hills his ruddy face,
They all were riding in a race;
Spurring—still spurring as before,
In bog and stream, o'er dale and moor,
By keep and bower, through vills and towns,
'Mid bowing burghers, staring clowns ;
Till one night in an ancient city
They did upon their steeds take pity,
And I for my poor bony hack
To draw the rein was nowise slack,
Whose pace I yet must own was faster
Than the lame fancy af his master.

'Twas a place famous for its cooks,
Where priests were plentiful as rooks;
And, if I do not names perplex,
'Twas call'd after its river Exe,
Or else, though I so apt to err am,
'Twas appellated Ecce Terram !

Because of its rich purple soil,
Which yields abundance with small toil.
The Mayor and Burghers at the gate
Met Gaveston in civic state;
Doubtless presented an address,
Though chronicles do not express,
Inscribed in Latin on smooth vellum,
And emphasising *pax*, not *bellum*.
Yet trumpets as for prince did blare,
And dames and damsels, passing fair,
Smiled on the gallant company,
And I thought one look'd ev'n at me,
And roses wreathed her curving lips
When her eye glanced my roadster's hips;
As if she thought it should be sent
To kennel—not to tournament,
Fitter for hounds than dogs of war.
The Sun went down o'er wood and tor,
And, flinging largess to the rabble,
We soon were made most comfortable
In the grand chamber of the Guild,
While for our beasts large bins were fill'd.

So liberal citizens were then
To travellers, whether brutes or men.

And, if the truth must be confess'd,
We scarce knew which repast was best,
The Mayor's or Prior's; as bright the wine,
A Bishop on the haunch might dine,
And other joints combined their savour,
With condiments of various flavour.
The hogs' puddings and the sausages
Were long as hawsers, girth no less.
I had forgot to say the fish
Was equal to the largest wish;
Turbot, eels, salmon, and such trout
As good St. Neot's cook pull'd out
From the clear well that bubbles still,
And dorees, soles, and carp and brill.
Then, as for fruit, the grapes and gages,
Peaches and plums would fill these pages
With the aroma of lost Eden,
Far the Hesperian bloom exceeding.

More luscious still the fragrant wines,
Press'd from the pick of Europe's vines ;
And, as the cups were drain'd, each beard
Wagg'd like a he-goat's chin unshear'd ;
And roars of laughter circled round
For hours—ay, till with solemn sound
The Minster's bell peal'd only One,
Which put a finish to the fun.
The Mayor rotund in his apparel
Look'd like a death's head on a barrel ;
The Aldermen in their red robes,
With faces white but round as globes,
Dived down as if into the cellar ;
Each beadle, like a soot-dispeller,
Went up the chimnies, tall and wide ;
The table turn'd, and walk'd upside ;
The Gascon had a ghastly hue,
But grand as Hamlet's sire withdrew ;
The rest like goblins stalk'd behind,
And, least and last, I tried to find

An exit from the awful spot,
But where I went I have forgot,
Yet recollect that in the dark
I lost my messmate, the Town Clerk.

CANTO III.

AND this I know, that ere the morn
I heard a merry bugle-horn,
And soon the Gascon's voice rang clear,
As they went hunting the red deer
With hounds almost as large as stags,
Through fern and heather, down the crags,
Along the springy moorland sweeping,
Then over leagues of boulders leaping ;
Fording the peat-brown rivulets,
Cresting the tor's steep parapets,
And there, to ease their horses' lungs,
But not to rein their own free tongues,
Pausing, and drawing forth large flasks,
Fill'd from the burghers' potent casks

With cordials brew'd in France or Spain,
From which they sipp'd and sipp'd again.
I, on my faithful Rosinante,
Which proved that day both stout and jaunty,
Imbided the spirit of the view ;
The dales still sprent with pearly dew,
The distant towers, that in the sun
With a celestial glory shone,
And churchyards with their yewtrees drooping,
And hamlets round the last home grouping ;
The highest hills with green leaves fringed,
The rocky peaks with crimson tinged ;
And nearer, by a flowing stream,
Like gold that glisten'd in day's beam,
The antler'd Monarch of the Wild ;
Who, as I fancied, turn'd and smiled
At dogs and hunters, till the blast
Of the sharp bugle, when he cast
One glance of scorn, and forward sprang
Like charger at the trumpet's clang.

And downward, onward, upward flew
The hunters with a fierce halloo,
Cleaving like feather'd shafts the air,
Towards the Red Deer's sylvan lair,
Which one among them chanced to know,
Having seen it some few months ago ;
But he confess'd that it was far,
Twelve leagues off, and the evening star
He said might likely set ere they
Would reach or see it. Hark !—Away !

He was a gaunt and thin-lipp'd man,
Who liked not folk his face to scan ;
And deep-set was his raven eye,
Which glow'd like coal if you came nigh.
And yet he had the look of one
Who had been bronzed by many a sun,
As apt for war, as keen at sport,
At home alike in Camp and Court.
His steed was faster than the rest,
And black, as was the master's vest ;

Its withers high, its pasterns long,
Of bone and sinew light but strong,
Large eye and nostril, and a mane
Like cloud by lightnings split in twain :
It paw'd the ground on which it stood
With hoofs that had been dyed in blood.
The third night after they had left
Restormel, from a yawning cleft
Sallied the Knight on his dark horse,
And ever since had kept their course.
Mostly he with the Gascon rode,
And smiled to hear his wit explode ;
But sometimes he would ride alone,
Like one who had some trouble known,
Or drop behind to meditate,
When the hot Gascon would not wait.
Yet, though for hours out of their sight,
He would o'ertake them every night ;
But, when they reach'd the Prior's Church,
They miss'd him, and they made no search ;
And towards the supper's close he came
While chink'd the cups, just as the flame

From log and flambeau livid burn'd,
And Prior and Monks to spectres turn'd.

But where the Red Deer? O'er the copse,
Above the saplings' leafy tops,
They saw his antlers, but not oft,
Like storm-heaved branches borne aloft ;
And to the huntsman's cheery hollo
The men and dogs straight on did follow ;
And, when at fault both field and pack,
The sable hunter found the track,
And the black hound he brought would bay
When none beside could scent the way.
To left—to right, in a wide curve
The black hound, scenting still, would swerve,
And in zigzags of a mile's length
Exhausted dogs' and mortals' strength,
As well as tempers ; snarls and curses
Running like shorts and longs in verses.
As if they had been piskey-led,
They roam'd, the coal-black steed ahead,

Whose long and flowing glossy tail
Swung like a strong-arm'd thresher's flail,
And like an *ignis fatuus*
Took them through quagmires treacherous,
Swamping some horsemen to the girth,
Which greatly moved the Gascon's mirth.
Then silently the hunter grim
Approach'd a mountain mere's calm brim,
And plunged right in, his horse to cool,
Which swam like black swan in a pool.
The others stuck to his example,
And did the lake like goslings trample,
But were well pleased to gain the bank,
And some too much of water drank.

And, as the shades of night fell fast,
Into a wild ravine they pass'd,
But had not for three hours or more
Seen the Red Deer; and they were sore,
And faint, and famish'd, and athirst,
And hoped not for another burst.

Even the Gascon's spirits flagg'd,
Their batter'd hoofs the coursers dragg'd,
The hounds had long ceased giving tongue,
And mute the huntsman's bugle hung;
When suddenly, more shrill than horn,
A wild and wailing blast did warn
The huntsman to call off the pack,
But the black hound would not keep back.
The Knights prick'd after him and found
The Red Deer lying on the ground,
And by it the dark stranger stood,
Sheathing his blade, but drop of blood
Issued not from the beast's deep stab,
But, like a carcase on a slab,
It lay to be carved out in joints.
Regarding not its noble points,
The hunters broke into a cheer,
Which rustics leagues away could hear;
And then with boughs and heath was raised
A flame that like a bonfire blazed.
The stag was quarter'd, and part roasted,
The black steed's rider soon was toasted

From every flask, and then the steed,
And the black hound of foreign breed,
That had been foremost all the day,
Though they but seldom heard him bay.
The logs roar'd fierce, the flames rose higher,
And trees and rocks seem'd all on fire ;
The foxes rush'd out from their holes,
And from their hillocks crept the moles ;
The squirrels chased the whirling sparks,
Jays chatter'd, ravens croak'd, and larks
Trill'd as if they supposed 'twas morning ;
And then, all bounds of reason scorning,
The revellers rose and danced together
On the soft carpet of the heather.
The Gascon sang, and in the chorus
The hunters join'd with throats sonorous ;
The staghounds howl'd, the black dog bay'd,
The horses stamp'd and ramp'd and neigh'd,
But loudest the black steed's ha ! ha !
Was heard through dingle, glen and shaw.
The Gascon then, in fun or spite,
Enquired of the dark-visaged Knight,

Who had kept silence while they revell'd,
If he would like a stag's horn devill'd ;
And whether he could pitch a psalm
Which would their frantic orgy calm ?

At that the thin-lipp'd stranger smiled,
And said 'twas long since he beguiled
His time with blithe or solemn strain,
And he would rather still refrain ;
Though in his former days he own'd
He had a litany intoned,
And sometimes chanted lofty rhyme,
But that was in a distant clime.
Of war and love he since had sung,
And other themes in many a tongue ;
And now would sing, if such their pleasure,
Though without chords to help the measure.
Then his deep voice, that haply once
Might music's grandest phrase pronounce,
As from a bowl of brimming wine
Pour'd forth each dithyrambic line,

And those around the fagots seated
The last stave of each verse repeated :—

THE HALL OF THE DARK KNIGHT.

1

My Castle is not to be found
In the North or the South, in the East or the West,
The mountains with morning crown'd
You may scale like a hawk, and not reach my nest :
But deep underground
My Hall will be found,
And there's plenty of room
For all who will come
To my Table Round

2

Its arches are hewn in the rock,
Like the fretted roof of an Ocean cave,
And its pillars will stand the shock
Of Time's never-sleeping, sullen wave.
But no plummet can sound
Where my Hall is found,
Though still through the gloom
Crowds come, and find room
At my Table Round.

3

And Ladies, both kind and fair,
With eyes more brilliant than yonder stars,
With black or auburn hair,
Will peer on you through the casement bars :
But deep underground
My Hall will be found,
And there's plenty of room
For all who will come
To my Table Round.

4

Knights many of noble form
At my steaming board you are sure to meet,
And my hearth is for ever warm
For the pilgrims of Earth with their clay-cold feet :
But deep underground
My Hall will be found,
And there's plenty of room
For all who will come
To my Table Round.

5

And Kings you there will find,
And Emperors more than you might think,
But they left their crowns behind,
For in my Castle all Orders sink.
Deep—deep underground
My Hall will be found,
And there's plenty of room
For all who will come
To my Table Round.

6

Some Popes, some Monks, some Priests,
You will see in the cells of my large hive ;
But, when you become my guests,
You will need no clergy your sins to shrive.
Deep—deep underground
My Hall will be found,
And there's plenty of room
For all who will come
To my Table Round.

When ceased the song, and the chorus ended,
In which the Gascon's tenor blended,
There was strange silence for a time,
Like the lull before the midnight chime.
You could have heard an aspen quiver,
And, though the logs still glow'd, a shiver
Went through each reveller's sinewy frame.
Then suddenly expired the flame ;
Then lightnings show'd Heav'n's frowning eye,
And trumps of thunder shook the sky ;
And, in one gleam of the red light
That momentarily made noon of night,
Uprose the swarthy hunter grim,
As if the summons was for him,

And vaulted on his coal-black horse,
For the day's chase that seem'd no worse ;
And the dark hound's loud ululation
Proved he was true to his vocation.
The stag resum'd his empty hide,
And bounded with a marvellous stride,
Flinging his spreading antlers high,
And all the pack flew in full cry ;
In a wild ruck the hunters following,
Like maniacs screeching, hooting, holloing ;
And past me, straddled by a hag,
Whose kirtle flutter'd like a flag,
I saw my raw-boned hackney flit,
Bare-ridged, and without rein or bit.
For hours I roam'd the dismal glen,
In hope that some kind Christian men
Would give me shelter, but instead
I in the thicket made my bed,
And slept—slept long ; and, when I woke,
As daylight through the cover broke,

My nag was tether'd with a wisp,
And browsing fern and thistles crisp ;
His flanks still heaving, and the beast
Bathed in a sweat like brewster's yeast.

CANTO IV.

WHAT next befel boots not to tell,
Nor can I now remember well ;
My mind more misty grows each year,
And nothing now looks bright or clear ;
Men round me move like walking shades,
And into night life's vista fades.
The changing world appears to me
Only a whirling phantasy,
And when I sleep awake I seem,
When I awake I seem to dream ;
And, when I laugh, the idle tone
Ends in the echo of a moan.

As sad and slow one summer day
Around the hills I wound my way,
Mounted—for other nag I'd none—
On my four-footed skeleton,
I saw amid a verdant plain
White tents, and banners, and a train
Of crested Knights in armour bright,
And steeds in martial trappings dight.
My roadster, at the dazzling view,
Paw'd the soft turf, and my breast too
Throbb'd with a pleasurable thrill;
And, when the assemblée sounded shrill,
My hackney show'd his youthful mettle,
And did into a gallop settle;
And we were soon among the troop,
Who welcomed us with a merry whoop,
And once more peal'd the Gascon's laugh.
Then a tall herald with his staff
Abruptly check'd our rude intrusion,
Whereat we back'd out in confusion
And with the ribald minstrels stay'd,
And patiently the field survey'd.

The place is still call'd Wallingford,
And in the midst of the smooth sward,
Like ship of war in a calm bay
A Castle rose, with pennons gay.
It did to Gaveston belong,
And once was famed for feast and song ;
Yet could not, though so grand and fair,
With high Restormel's Keep compare.
Proud standards from its bastions floated,
And Dames their presence there denoted
By waving kerchiefs ceaselessly,
And by their bright eyes' archery.
Festoon'd, a stage was seen beneath,
With tiers of seats, and like a wreath
Of roses Ladies there were ranged,
Who tokens with the Knights exchanged.
I gazed, as bees near blossoms hover,
Hoping among them to discover
The Cornish girl I saw erewhile
So sweetly on the Gascon smile ;
Though 'mid such lustre harder far
To find her than in Heaven a star.

I could not see her, but thought I
Cornwall fair England might defy ;
Yet in that galaxy Divine
I saw a star like Venus shine,
So softly bright, so proudly tender,
I felt that Heav'n no charm could lend her,
And long'd to be her satellite
Through circling ages, day and night.
To her as to a Queen all bow'd,
And none of all the lordly crowd
Seem'd more to court or win her glance,
And none more firmly grasp'd the lance
Than the Knight Errant Gaveston,
Save one, in black caparison
Whose black steed bore him to the lists,
With sable gauntlets on his wrists,
On his crest nodding sable plumes
As when Knights journey to their tombs.
His armour had the hue of night,
Yet sparkled with a starry'light,
And his long lance seem'd tipt with flame.
' Knight of the Dark Hall ' was his name.

Before him sprang a large sleuth-hound,
As black as jet, that at a bound
Leap'd up and kiss'd the Lady's hands,
Which match'd the foam on the sea-sands,
White as the lily and as sweet,
Then lay down at her dainty feet:
And like one bred in southern realm,
Where myrtles twine the warrior's helm,
At Beauty's shrine a worshipper,
The dark Knight humbly greeted her,
But gazed on her so ardently
She trembled at his courtesy ;
Yet, when he through the lists retired,
She for his name and rank enquired,
And shudder'd when she heard them call
Her votary ' Knight of the Dark Hall.'
Still she was grieved to hear them say
He might not bear a lance that day,
The lists being full, and still her look
Pursued him when his place he took
By me, to watch the perilous game,
To see which 'gainst my will I came.

One side the Gascon was to lead,
As due for many a doughty deed.
He wore his armour gracefully,
And look'd the flower of chivalry ;
And in the region of the Morn
The matchless steed he rode was born.
The leader of the other side
Had, if less skill, more strength and pride ;
He seldom smiled, and rarely spoke,
And never did his hate revoke.
Nay, some who did the encounter dare
With his stout lance, shrank from the glare
Under his thick black brows, and 'neath
His shaggy tufts gleam'd houndlike teeth.
Such Warwick's Earl, whose name appall'd,
' Black Dog of Arden ' not miscall'd.
His charger was of Flemish build,
Fitted to bear him in the field,
But with a temper like his rider's,
Dangerous to foes, friends, and outsiders.

The clarions peal'd—the lances tall
As with one flash did level fall,
And, as if one, each man and horse,
Not an inch bending from their course;
At once from either barrier rush'd.
Helmets were riven, and shields were crush'd,
Lances did snap, and split, and splinter
Like crackling icicles in winter,
And men and horses toppled o'er
Like billows tumbling on the shore.
The Gascon's party had the best;
And, like a breaker's foaming crest,
His white plumes toss'd, when at his stroke
Like glass the casque of Warwick broke,
And the grim Baron with a groan
Crash'd as a hull on shingle thrown.
Then against others Gaveston rode,
And England's Peers his pathway strow'd;
And when some limp'd, and some were drawn
Like fresh-hewn logs across a lawn,
And had their dinted mail unbuckled,
Aloud the lively Gascon chuckled;

Then turn'd, and bow'd to Beauty's Queen,
Then foremost in the lists was seen,
Unhorsing still, and still unhorsed
When most were from their steeds divorced.

The proud fair Lady laugh'd to see
Her champion Knight's dexterity,
And other Ladies join'd her mirth ;
But some, whose darlings bit the earth,
Look'd as if their soft hearts would break.
The hound his drooping ears did shake,
And bay'd as if he scented blood,
While mute his gloomy master stood,
Seeing that it was only play,
And none would seek his hall that day ;
And then he turn'd, and with a scoff
With his black steed and dog went off.

In the great Castle that same night
There was a blaze of festal light,
Though in some chambers lone and dim
The leeches did their tapers trim,

And with their bandages and unctures
Swathed broken limbs and fill'd deep punctures.
Some Knights had lost one eye, some two,
And teeth were missing not a few ;
But leaving them to mope and moan,
Into the hall, with flowers bestrown,
I went, and with the viols sat,
And there more gibes than wassail gat.
The host and guests with dance and song
Made the bright moments wing along ;
The Ladies plied each witching charm,
The fairest claim'd the Gascon's arm,
And others, in their beauty brave,
At times did his allegiance crave,
Which in his devoirs manifold
He did not even from one withhold ;
Ready alike with joke or sigh,
With hand, or arm, or foot, or eye,
Or lip, so far as words and smiles,
And other of love's custom'd wiles.
He most promiscuously flirted,
And, as a Prince might woo, he courted.

Thought I, had that dear Cornish maid
Observed him there at that gay trade,
That barter of soft tones and glances,
She had not cared if, 'mong the lances,
His own that day had come to grief,
Though others' pangs give small relief.
But what had that to do with me ?
Love is as changeful as the sea,
Love is as fickle as the wind,
And love will ramble although blind.

While thus I mused and moralised,
The Gascon my rapt mood surprised ;
And, knowing I was given to rhyme,
And touch'd the lyre from time to time,
He said it was my turn to sing,
And bade the harpers tune each string,
When I, like most who have the gift,
Or think they have, the voice to lift,
Not loth responded to his quest,
And thus my latent thoughts express'd :—

SIR CUPID.

1

Sir Cupid would a-tilting go,
Upon his tiny barb ;
And laid aside his shafts and bow,
And 'bout his naked flesh did throw
A warrior's glistening garb,
Heigh-ho !
A warrior's glistening garb.

2

His lance was smaller than an arrow,
Its point as needle fine ;
It scarce seem'd fit to kill a sparrow,
Much less to pierce a big man's marrow,
And break a heart like mine,
Heigh-ho !
And break a heart like mine.

3

I met him in the tented field,
In all his martial gear ;
A mushroom would outspan his shield,
A butterfly his sword could wield,
A wasp could lift his spear,
Heigh-ho !
A wasp could lift his spear.

4

The little creature dauntingly
Flung his small gauntlet down ;
And, as required by chivalry,
I pick'd it up, or else on me
All Ladies' eyes would frown,
Heigh-ho !
All Ladies' eyes would frown.

5

The Ladies laugh'd to see us tilt,
Loud laugh'd their gallants gay ;
But merriest laugh'd a blue-eyed jilt,
To find no drop of blood was spilt
When at her feet I lay,
Heigh-ho !
When at her feet I lay.

6

To her Sir Cupid then bow'd low,
And, throwing down his glove,
Challenged the Knights all in a row,
But in succession each said—No !
None is a match for love,
Heigh-ho !
None is a match for love.

Heigh-ho ! the Knights and Ladies sang,
Heigh-ho ! the roofs and arches rang,

Heigh-ho ! the little pages cried,
Heigho-ho ! Piers' lovely partner sigh'd,
Heigh-ho ! the batter'd champions mutter'd,
Heigh-ho ! the cooks and scullions utter'd,
And to the men-at-arms below
The maids aloft replied—heigh-ho !

CANTO V.

UPON my nag's four legs once more,
Which lighter travell'd than before,
Carrying no carcase but my own,
That weigh'd it might be thirteen stone,
Last in the rear of the gay band
Eastward through England's blooming land
I canter'd : why I went that way
I neither know nor need to say.

At length they reach'd the Royal Towers
Through leagues of park and endless bowers,
And soon around the gracious King
Were ranged like diamonds in a ring,

Brilliant in visage as attire ;
But chiefly Edward did admire
His Gascon Knight, whom he embraced,
And nearest on his right hand placed :
For they had been fast friends in youth,
Closer than brothers in their truth.
Stern Longshanks banish'd him and died,
When he return'd with greater pride,
And all his former power to please,
To kindle fiercer jealousies.
On him the King incessant shower'd
Fresh boons, and gave him, richly dower'd,
His niece the marriage couch to share,
The widow'd Margaret de Clare.

With his rare fortune not content,
Success had made him insolent ;
And as his lance his tongue was free,
Few could escape his irony,
And, sharper than his sword, his joke
Would penetrate through ribs of oak.

True, Warwick had to bite the dust,
But harder felt his humour's thrust,
Owing to him that dog-cognomen,
And vow'd with oaths, then not uncommon,
And which more mellow were and grand
Than those which did with Hengist land,
'The minion's flesh should feel his fangs.'
Others, still writhing in their pangs,
Due to his skill in warlike games,
Forgave him all but their nicknames;
While some, less favour'd by fair ladies,
Consign'd his fickle soul to Hades,
Unless they used the Norman word
In that romantic age preferr'd :
Of course they were too proud to spell
The Anglian monosyllable.
Others, more honourably stern,
Did his seductive graces spurn ;
Aside they call'd him fawning knave,
And said he did the King enslave
With his accomplishments and craft ;
And when he saw their scowls he laugh'd.

To grief his haughty glee soon changed;
The Barons, from the Court estranged,
In their strong Castles growl'd and cursed,
And there secure their anger nursed
Till it could be no longer pent,
And England's smouldering ire found vent.
Then once more o'er the waters wild
Piers voyaged, but not self-exiled,
As from loose life Childe Harold fled,
And to the gale his canvass spread.
But quickly by the King recall'd,
And in his place of pride install'd,
He had to face a harder fate.
Not long his vengeful foes would wait :
Forced with the King himself to fly,
The Earls pursued him in full cry ;
And, like the sleuth-hound of the glen,
Arden's Black Dog was foremost then.
Or was it that the sable hound
A human shape that day had found ?
• If seldom, we have not to learn
That men to brutal forms return,

And hunt their kind as wolves in packs,
Or trace as tigers human tracks.
Some say that in that mortal chase
The dark Knight and his steed kept pace,
Needing no hound to scent the blood
Save the Black Dog of Arden's wood.

At Scarborough Gaveston stood at bay,
Like a brave stag, too fair to slay ;
And by the Black Dog's muzzle seized,
Whose hate could only be appeased
With the heart's blood, he got a fall
In sight of Warwick's Castle-wall,
Heavier than Warwick's on the sward
From Gaveston's lance at Wallingford :
For headless on the Avon's bank
The jocund, handsome Gascon sank !
Then faithful followers wash'd away
The crimson stains, and next did lay
With the grand corse his noble head,
While manly tears were freely shed ;

Then Priests, array'd in alb and stole,
Pray'd for the peace of Gaveston's soul,
And at the sound with silent speed
Departed the dark Knight and steed.
The King long mourn'd his favourite's doom,
And built in Langley's aisle his tomb ;
And frequent at that hallow'd place
Mail'd forms would pause his name to trace.
There, when return'd the fatal hour,
Would gentle hands wreath many a flower ;
And masses oft for him were sung
While candles gleam'd and censers swung.

Nor fail'd the votaries of the harp,
Though fain at others' skill to carp,
To wake for him the plaintive chords,
And tell their grief in earnest words,
By Langley's porch, when night-shades fell,
And slowly toll'd the curfew bell ;
Or when, in the meridian beam,
They wander'd by the Avon's stream,

To see if still the crimson stain
Did on the liliated banks remain.
There, in the view of Warwick's Keep,
A minstrel did his harp-strings sweep,
And on the mournful river's verge
Pour'd forth this tributary dirge :—

THE DIRGE.

1

He pass'd in the flush of his pride,
He fell in the bloom of his beauty ;
But loyal to Edward he died,
To friendship as true as to duty.
His lance and his falchion will rust,
His shield will no more be his pillow ;
His lute in the Winter's wild gust
Will silently swing on the willow.

2

They will miss him in tourney and field,
They will miss him at banquet and bower ;
All his parks and demesnes he must yield,
From Launceston to Wallingford's Tower.
At Restormel his step glides no more
In the dance with the Isle's blue-eyed daughters ;
No ray from Tintagel's high shore
Now gleams o'er the dark stormy waters.

3

His steed will not join in the chase,
For to earth they have hunted its master ;
The pale horse will now take its place,
Whose rider pricks faster and faster.
Death on Warwick's red trail presses hard,
And the rest will be soon overtaken ;
Already some drop on the sward,
Like leaves by the Autumn wind shaken.

4

As the bravest and noblest must fall,
So the base and the haughty will perish ;
Death enters the hamlet and hall,
And seizes what there they most cherish.
No bolt and no bar keeps him out,
From the cell to the Castle's top-story ;
He laughs at the warders' fierce shout,
And stalks o'er the world and its glory.

But where that Lady pure and bright
Who in Restormel's Hall that night
Smiled to his smile, yet on his arm
Lean'd with a new and sweet alarm ?
Ah ! did the fascinated maid
Believe her trust had been betray'd,

Or from the lattice watch and weep,
And see him only in her sleep ?
Had she not read in piteous rhymes
Of love's untruth in sunnier climes ;
That words have oft been idly spoken,
And vows no sooner made than broken ?
Did she, in her simplicity,
Mistake for love mere gallantry,
Nor dreamt that men will frequent bow
At Beauty's shrine yet breathe no vow ?
Whatever thoughts perplex'd her mind,
She in her languor grew resign'd ;
But sometimes in Restormel's Hall
Her step like passing shade would fall,
And from the Eastern battlement
Her gaze would trace the way he went,
While from the heaven and from her eyes
Tears fell, and winds dispersed her sighs.

One summer eve, the sunset still
With crimson tinged each loftier hill,

And from the uplands to the grove
Flew on dew-spangled wings the dove ;
And save the whisper of the trees,
The hum of dilatory bees,
And the soft babbling of the stream,
The vale was lapp'd as in a dream ;
When in a solitary bower,
With jasmine twined and passion flower,
A lute was gently touch'd, and thus
A voice, distinct yet tremulous,
In tones of tender melody
Responded to the symphony :

THE REVEILLIE.

1

The clarions ere the gleam of dawn
A blithe reveillie shrill'd ;
The torches flash'd, and he was gone
While yet the last note thrill'd :
My poor heart flutter'd like a bird,
Whose bower rude winds destroy ;
I slept no more, and only heard
The murmurs of the Fowey.

2

I waited noon, and night, and morn,
 To hear the merry strain
 When heralds would the warders warn
 Their lord had come again :
 At times a single bugle-note
 Would my fond hope decoy ;
 I look'd, but saw no banner float
 Over the sparkling Fowey.

3

'Twas not reveillie but Adieu
 The clarions breathed that night ;
 Yet my misgivings then—too true !—
 Ceased with the morning light :
 But days and months have since dispell'd
 That dream of love and joy ;
 And oft like rills my tears have swell'd
 The waters of the Fowey.

4

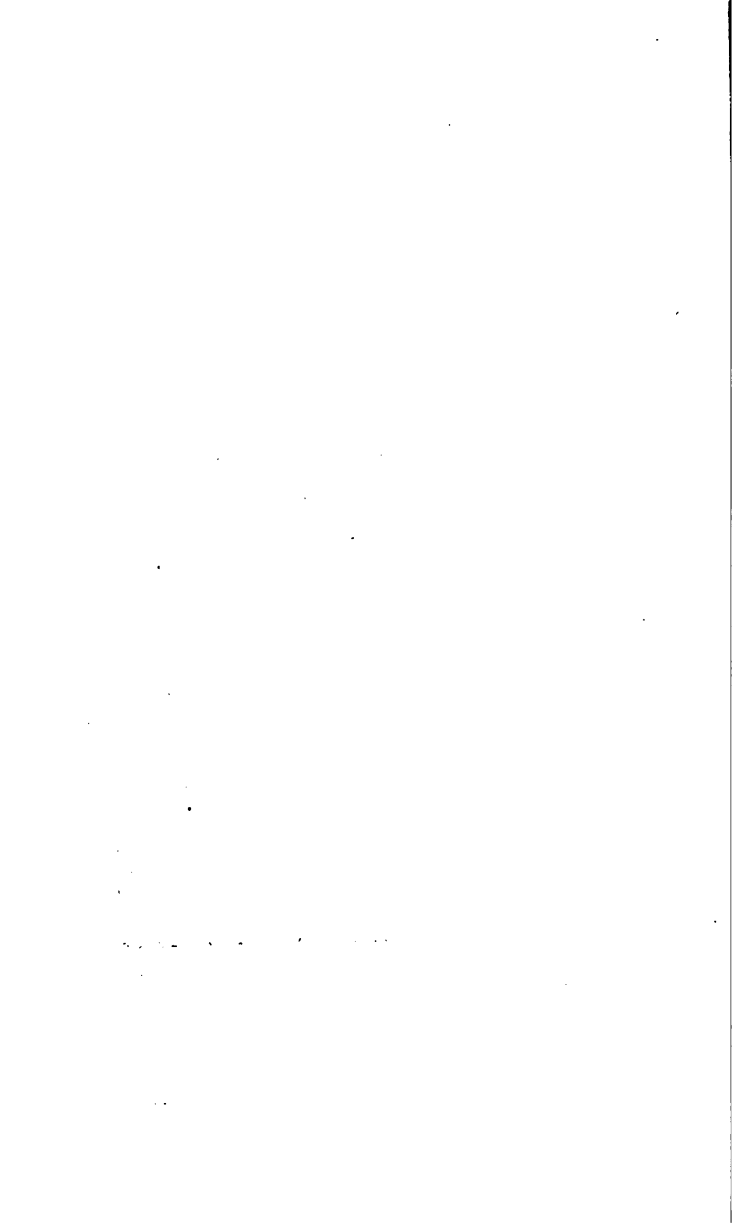
While on the river's marge I stray
 A gulf between us flows,
 Though still as gay the ripples play,
 And sing to soothe my woes.
 O that as clear from its bright source,
 As free from earth's alloy,
 As smooth and true love held its course
 As the sweet stream of Fowey !

A courier blew a hasty blast,
And the dread tidings came at last ;
And from that hour she sang no more,
No more like shade she cross'd the floor,
Nor from the ramparts look'd for him.
Where was she ? In some cloister dim
Perhaps she pined, and gave to Heaven
The heart she first to him had given.
It might be so, but if within
A cell she grieved, grief was not sin ;
The wounded heart is slow to heal,
And, till it beats no more, will feel.
If faith should wean from earthly cares,
We know the Holiest hath shed tears.

Some fondly think that, after death,
Still round us moves the parted breath,
And that mysterious ties still bind
Souls to the scenes they leave behind.
So afterwhile, as some aver,
A form as from sepulchre,

Hooded and stoled in stainless white,
Enter'd the roofless hall at night,
Climb'd the dark stairs, a moment stood
By the wall facing yonder wood,
And then, as if 'twere vain to wait,
Came down, and vanish'd at the gate.

That instant—for I slumber'd still—
I felt a strange and icy thrill,
And woke : cold blew the midnight blast,
And a pale mist before me pass'd.



NOTE I.

RESTORMEL Castle in the Parish of Lanlivery, Cornwall, stands on an eminence about a mile to the North of the ancient town of Lostwithiel, on the Western bank of the stream which Carew calls 'the fishfull river of Foy.' Mr. Davies Gilbert, in his Parochial History, describes this ruin as 'the glory of its parish,' and as 'one of the finest objects in the whole country;' and in this opinion strangers, who see it while passing on the railway between Bodmin-Road Station and Lostwithiel, will not hesitate to concur.

Those parts of the Parochial History of Hals which relate to Lanlivery and Lostwithiel are lost; but in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, (from which I have taken an extract as a preface to my verses,) in Borlase's Antiquities of Cornwall, in the works of Polwhele, Lysons, Davies Gilbert, and S. C. Gilbert, and in the recent publication by Mr Lake of Truro, much is told of Restormel and its past history. We may hope, perhaps, for fuller and more precise details either from Sir John Maclean, who is now engaged on portions of the Parochial and Family History of Cornwall; or from the relative of

the learned author of the 'Antiquities,' Mr. W. Copeland Borlase, who, in his 'Nœnia Cornubiæ,' has not only done much to elucidate the history of his native County, but, in his descriptions and illustrations of its Primitive Sepulchral Monuments, has made a valuable contribution to archæology.

During a recent exploration by members of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, (and it is a fact that the County has a Society which deservedly bears that appellation,) under the presidency of Dr. Jago, accompanied by Sir John Maclean, Dr. C. Barham, and other gentlemen, with not a few lady antiquaries, much fresh information was obtained respecting Restormel, which will be published in the forthcoming Report of the Institution. On that occasion Mr. Freeth of Duporth produced an authentic copy of the conveyance of the Castle and other properties by Isolda, the heiress of the Cardinans or Cardinhams, and widow of Tracey, to Richard Earl of Cornwall, (brother to Hen. III.,) who also bore the grander, but somewhat misty title of King of the Romans. Hardly less interesting was the written evidence supplied by Mr. Deeble Boger of Wolsden, which proved that the Castle had been twice visited by the first Duke of Cornwall, the Black Prince. It was then in fair condition and well appointed; but some parts of the buildings were soon afterwards allowed to fall into decay, as appears by a subsequent survey. While it was held by the Black Prince, John De Kendall (the ancestor of Mr. Nicholas Kendall, late member for East Cornwall) was Keeper of the Castle and Park.

Of Restormel Dr. Borlase says, 'The Keep is a very

magnificent one ; the outer wall or rampart is an exact circle of 102 feet diameter within, and 10 feet wide at the top, including the thickness of the parapet, which is 2 feet 6. From the present floor of the ground-rooms to the top of the rampart is 27 feet 6, and the top of the parapet is 7 feet higher, garreted quite round. There are three staircases leading to the top of the rampart, one on each side of the gateway ascending from the court within, and one betwixt the inner and outermost gate. The rooms are 19 feet wide, the windows mostly in the innermost wall ; but there are some very large openings in the outmost wall or rampart, now walled up, shaped like Gothick church-windows, sharp-arched, which were formerly very handsome and pleasant windows, and made to enjoy the prospect, their recesses reaching to the planching of the rooms : these large openings are all on the chamber floor, where the rooms of state seem to have been, and from the floor of these chambers you pass on a level to the chapel. This chapel is but 25 feet 6 by 17 feet 6, but, that it might be the more commodious, there seems to have been an anti-chapel. This chapel is a newer work than the Castle itself, and I may add that the gateway, and the large windows in the rampart wall, are also more modern than the Keep, for they were not made for war, but for pleasure and grandeur ; and yet, as modern as these things compared with the rest may appear, they must be at least as ancient as Edmund, son of Richard King of the Romans, (temp. Ed. I.) 'Richard King of the Romans kept his court here, and in all probability made these additions (temp. Hen. III.) The offices belonging to this Castle lay below in the

Bass-court, where signs of much ruins to the North and East are still apparent, and with the ruins on either hand as you come towards the great gate from the West, show that the Castle was of great extent.'

Lysons states that, at the time of a survey in the reign of Ed. III., there were within the Keep a hall, three chambers, and as many upper-chambers, one chapel with two bells, and three chambers over the gateway which, as well as the gates, were decayed. Without the gateway there was one great hall, with two upper chambers, and one chapel, in good condition. The kitchen and staircase leading from the great hall to the kitchen were out of repair. Other external buildings, including the great oven and stables for 20 horses, are described as then being in bad condition.

Restormel, with the castles of Tintagel and Launceston, anciently called Dunheved, came into the possession of Piers Gaveston when Ed. II. endowed him with the earldom of Cornwall, which had escheated to the Crown by the death of Edmund, son of Richard, King of the Romans.

Norden is supposed to have surveyed the place in 1584. He calls it Lestormell or Lestormin Castle. He says it stood sometime in a park of fallow deer, but that amongst other places it was disparked by Hen. VIII. He makes the following quaint reflections :— ' If the proportion of necessarie offices in auntient decayde buyldinges may argue equal hospitalitie, here was no want ; as by the reliques of a ruyned oven of 4 yards and 2 foote diameter it maye appeare : and it is to be thowghte that in those dayes they buylded for use, and not as men now doe

their great and glorious howses for ostentation, great halls and litle meat, large chymnies and litle smoak. This ruyned Oven layeth open her entrayles that men may yet see the bountye of pristine ages. The whole castle beginneth to mourne, and to wringe out harde stones for teares, that she that was embraced, visited and delighted with greate princes, is now desolate, forsaken, and forlorne : the Cannon needes not batter, nor the Pioner to undermine, nor powder to blow up this so famous a pyle, for time and tirrannie hath wrowghte her desolation : her water pypes of lead, many of great use, are cutt up, the Coveringe lead gone, the Planchings rotten, the Walls fall downe, the fayre free-hewed stone Wyndowes, the Dournes and wrowghte Dore-postes, the fayre and large Chymnye pieces, and all that would yeld monie or serve for use, are converted to private men's purposes ; and there remayneth a forlorne showe of honor, not contentinge anie compassionate eye to behold her lingrynge decayes. Men greyve to see the dying delayes of anie brute creature ; so may we mourne to see so stately a pyle so longe a fallinge ; if it be of no use, the carcase would make some profit ; therefore if it deserve, let her fall be noe longer delayde, els will it dropp peecemeale downe, and her now profitable reliques will then serve to litle or no use.'—Topographical and Historical Description of Cornwall, pp. 59 and 60, Edition published in 1728.

Notwithstanding this picture of desolation and piteous lamentation, Restormel was made a place of defence during the Civil War, and was taken for the King by Sir Richard Granville in 1664. The Castle still remains so

fair to the eye, and so apparently strong in its structure, that the late Mr. Herman Merivale in his article on Cornwall in the *Quarterly Review*, which was afterwards somewhat enlarged in his volume of *Historical Studies*, said that this Castle and that of Launceston 'seemed to require comparatively but little labour to make them habitable once again, and to revive the short and precarious splendour of the Duchy of Cornwall.'

One, of a more practical or jocose turn of mind, has suggested that the roofless chambers might be fitted up, if not as a hunting-seat for H. R. H. the Duke of Cornwall, at least as an asylum for retired Vice Wardens, antiquated Clerks of the Peace, and superannuated Chief Constables, and as strong rooms for Duchy and County Records, with a couple of veterans from the County Police as warders; whose truncheons would be as efficient for the protection of the inmates and documents, in these peaceful times, as the weapons which Cornishmen applied to more serious purposes when they followed the first Duke to Poitiers. The Norman Chapel, which has no ceiling but the Heaven, and no floor but the Earth, might, in his opinion, which indicates more liberalism in religion than skill in architecture, be adapted at small expense for the alternate worship of the various persuasions who might congregate at Restormel.

NOTE II.

IN their estimate of the character of Piers Gaveston, or Gavaston, or Gaverstone, as his name is variously spelt, historians differ ; but they all agree that he was handsome, accomplished, and brave, and not without military capacity, as proved while he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was the son of a distinguished Gascon Knight, who had honourably served the King, Ed. I. The son was unrivalled,' Hume says, ' in all warlike and genteel exercises, and celebrated for those quick sallies of wit in which his countrymen excelled.' By these qualities, as well as by loyal devotion, he ingratiated himself with the youthful and confiding King, Ed. II., at whose coronation he was selected by Edward to bear the crown. The King afterwards accumulated favours upon him, and not only created him Earl of Cornwall, but gave him in marriage Earl Edmund's widow, Margaret de Clare, who was the King's niece. But, with the monarch's partiality and these repeated honours, he became ostentatious and overbearing. ' At all tournaments,' according to the historian, ' he took delight in foiling the English nobility by his superior address ; in

every conversation he made them the object of his wit and raillery; every day his enemies multiplied on him; and naught was wanting but a little time to cement their union, and render it both fatal to him and his master.' Hume adds, 'Though there had scarcely been any national ground of complaint, except some dissipation of the public treasure; though all the acts of mal-administration objected to the King and his favourite seemed of a nature more proper to excite heart-burnings at a ball than commotions in a great kingdom; yet such was the situation of the times, that the Barons were determined and were able to make them the reasons of a total alteration in the constitution and civil government.' Among the most irate of the Barons was the Earl of Warwick, whom he had probably unhorsed at the tournament mentioned by Walsingham, in his *Historia Anglicana*, as taking place at Wallingford, and to whom he had given the name of 'the Black Dog of Arden.' The execution of Gaveston (A. D. 1312) is described by Hume as taking place without regard either to the laws, or to the military capitulation which had been agreed on.'

Walsingham speaks of Gaveston, (whom he calls *Petrus de Gaverstone*), as haughty, rapacious, and odious to all persons; he describes his conduct to the chief nobility of England at the tournament at Wallingford as insolent; and he records, with evident satisfaction, his decapitation in view of Warwick Castle. '*Assentiunt universi viri consilio, et Petrum ejiciunt ergastulo, capite plectendum communi judicio. Ducitur ergo Petrus ad locum, Blakelow vocitatum; et, tanquam legum subversor,*

et publius regni traditor, capite truncatus est. Et qui quondam vocaverat Guidonem Warwici Comitem, Nigrum Canem de Arderina, jam juxta Comitis vaticinium, morsus amarissimos sensit ejusdem.'

The spot where Gaveston was beheaded is now called Blakelow-hill, and is about two miles from Warwick Castle. On a rude stone at the top of the hill his name and the date of his execution are cut in ancient characters.

As regards the offensive appellation applied by him to the Earl of Warwick, 'the Black Dog of Arden,' historians differ in the orthography of the place, which is generally printed as Ardenne. Dugdale says, 'it seems Piers had much enraged the Earl of Warwick by calling him the Black Dog of Arderne, because of his black and swarthy complexion.' This corresponds with Walsingham's 'Canem de Arderina.' According to Lingard, Gaveston called the Earl the 'Black Dog of the Woods.' It is said that the word 'Arden' signifies a high wood, and it is still the name of a district in Warwickshire in which Warwick Castle is situated; and we have Dugdale's authority for the fact that the part of Warwickshire which lies North of the Avon was formerly so called. Here was Shakespeare's Forest of Arden, where in his youth he had wandered

' Under the shade of melancholy boughs.'

INTERLEAVES.



COME FORTH ! FOR THE MORNING IS
BREAKING.

1

Come forth ! for the morning is breaking,
The hills are all spangled with dew,
The leaves with a whisper are waking,
The rose-buds are opening for you :
The woodbine has twined for your finger
A ring, but it will not last long ;
And how on the couch can you linger
When the grove is almost in full song ?

2

Come forth ! The brisk bee for the lily
 Already has quitted the cell,
 And the snail, though so tardy and silly,
 Is trying to creep from its shell :
 Then leave your dark chamber, and stay not
 To lace up your bodice and shoon ;
 And to braid your dark tresses delay not,
 For the breeze will unravel them soon.

3

Pretty sluggard ! Unheeded the linnets
 At your casement their madrigal sing,
 And I too have play'd here some minutes
 On the lute which you ask'd me to bring :
 So good-bye ! Though I'll come back to morrow
 With my lute at this hour if I may ;
 And perhaps some new chords I will borrow,
 And ask you to sing while I play.

But no, as you then may be dreaming,
I will come to you, dear, while the light
Of the kind star of eve is still gleaming,
Ere your lattice is closed for the night.
Meanwhile I will learn a new ditty,
Or I'll bring you a song of my own,
In the hope I may move you to pity,
And for calling you early atone.

AND PUNCTUAL I WENT TO THE
BOWER.

1

AND punctual I went to the bower,
Expecting to find her alone,
With my lute and my song at love's hour,
But the bird which I look'd for was flown.
I heard merry sounds in short distance,
And the hall was ablaze like midnoon,
And I thought I might lend some assistance
With my chords, or beat time to the tune.

2

When I enter'd my heart went much faster
Than viol, triangle, or drum,
For I saw that no waltzer surpass'd her,
And no eyes flash'd like hers in the room.
Her hair which was cunningly braided,
Wore a wreath, but more sweet was her sigh;
The rose on her cheek had not faded,
With her bosom no lily could vie.

3

No diamond her swan-neck encumber'd,
Her bodice was wound to a turn,
Her sandals—I wish'd she still slumber'd—
Made me feel as they twinkled quite stern.
Nay, worse, as she went by me spinning
She gave me a quizzical glance,
While unconsciously I was beginning
Like a mesmerised bumpkin to dance.

4

In vain at the dawn near her pillow,
Said I, the blithe linnets will sing;
My lute I may hang on the willow,
And my verse in the stream I may fling.
Could I waltz like her partner audacious,
Whose clasp now encircles her waist,
I might then hope to find her more gracious,
And my arm not less lovingly placed.

5

So I vow'd I would seek a French tutor
To teach me the use of my feet,
As my own rustic ways did not suit her,
And her dreams in the morning were sweet.
I would visit her only by starlight,
And sing her some soft Southern lay,
Or would dance with her into the far night,
And take her safe home with the day.

I WOO'D AND I WON HER.

1

I woo'd and —thank Heav'n !—I won her,
She is mine—she is mine till death part;
In return for my fealty and honour
She gave me her own loving heart.

2

Blame not my exulting emotion,
But this I can truly declare
That not for all gems in the Ocean
Would I barter one lock of her hair.

3

You may deem me prodigiously simple,
But I would not exchange for a throne
One smile, or one glance, or one dimple
Of the girl who is now all my own.

4

If impious, may I be forgiven !
But if from this cot on the hill
I could now go without her to Heaven,
I would rather stay here with her still.

HOMEWARD.

' The throstle with his note so true.'

SHAKESPEARE.

1

Eve gently still prevents dark night,
And veils the lustre of the stars ;
The folds are piled with fleeces white ;
The ash-stems lift their slender spars
Like marble shafts in some mild clime,
Not roofless left by storm or time ;
A sylvan theatre, wherein
The thrush will soon his theme begin.

2

Brief pause—then his spontaneous strains
Surprise and charm the wingèd choir ;
And mute each other bird remains,
Content to listen and admire :
Fresh wreaths the wildflowers for him weave,
I too a bouquet ought to leave,
And would, but that yon taper's ray,
Just kindled, beckons me away.

3

Yet I would fain stay here to prove
The truth and pathos of that song,
Though it would mind me of my love,
And urge me not to tarry long ;
Or warn me with severer tone
Not to forget she is alone,
Pleading for her as for his mate,
In her own dell disconsolate.

4

Blushing at such sincere upbraiding,
I to my Mentor bid Adieu !
But hear his chiding and persuading
When my own rooftree comes in view ;
And there an accent still more sweet
Does the same argument repeat,
Convincing me the thoughtful bird
Had the like fond monition heard.

THE MAGPIES AND THE MARROWBONE.

BUT it is time to change the metre,
'Tis time to strike a louder string ;
My Muse declares whene'er I meet her,
That I of love for ever sing,
Unless I chance on politics,
When my rhymes crackle like dry sticks :
Yet she admits that love's a theme
Which may the sorriest verse redeem,
And can bring out from crazy chords
Music that elevates the words.
Now, although narrow is my range,
I will my topic wholly change.

Two magpies on a churchyard stone
Were wrangling o'er a marrow bone :

The question this—not whose it was,
As in an interpleader cause—
But how, and that involved much doubt,
To get the latent marrow out.
When clear'd that point, the precious matter
Might be the subject of more clatter.

While I attentive at the gate
Listen'd to this abstruse debate,
A clodpole chanced to saunter by,
Who view'd the strife with evil eye,
Went for a gun with pace not slack,
And with it not less quick came back,
But found the birds had left the bone,
And thence without the marrow flown ;
And safe beyond the rustic's reach
Had perch'd on a wide-spreading beach,
Where they prolong'd their hot contention,
And language used not fit to mention.

Moral of course there is, profound,
Avoid all brawls on holy ground ;
Another lesson may be this,
Sticklers for modes the substance miss ;
And one more head the cap may fit,
Where there's much wrath there's little wit.

THE WRESTLER.

ONCE with my staff I paced the Down,
Towards a Saint-named Cornish Town;
For Saints in Cornwall muster'd more
Than Parsons now, by many score,
And, where they dwelt, the places claim
The odour of the saintly name.
I met a man of stalwart build,
Who could scythe, axe, or broadsword wield,
If the last he had cared to gripe;
A husbandman of the old type,
Who furrows deep for years had turn'd,
And many a harvest supper earn'd,
Yet straight as any elm he stood,
And look'd for twenty years still good.

‘ Friend,’ said I, ‘ you are on your way,
No doubt, to see the manly play,
In which, if I may read your form,
You acted when your blood was warm,
And still could give a Cornish hug
Would make the Devons their shoulders shrug.’

Said he, ‘ Sir,’ in a sober tone,
‘ You’ve guess’d half right, I freely own ;
Like others I have had my day,
And play’d when ’twas the time to play :
But then it was a different thing,
The gentlefolk would keep the Ring,
And wrestlers proved the sticklers were,
Not chosen by a victualler
Because they could gulp beer by quarts,
Like boatswains fresh from foreign ports.
Yeomen, and even Squires, would then
Throw in their hats and play like men,
And where we wrestled was not near
A place that flow’d with streams of beer.

Now, when there is a wrestling match,
'Tis but a net the fish to catch
Who swim in ale, and so I keep
My plough in hand or shear the sheep.'

Quoth I, ' I'm much inclined to think
You're right—that wrestling now means drink ;
Though I confess I much admire
Athletic games, and could desire
No nobler sight than I have seen
When Cornwall—the acknowledged Queen
Of Wrestlingdom—one merry morn
Sent up that Sampson, Polkinhorne,
To wrestle with Devonian Cann,
Who was almost as great a man ;
Though I concede his baked shoes' kicks
Went through my heart like bayonet pricks.
Kicks natural are to horses' hoofs,
And give of asses' pluck strong proofs :
Men's shoes and feet were never made
To be in breaking shins display'd.'

‘ True,’ he replied, ‘ they might as well
Scratch, bite, and gouge, as I’ve heard tell ;
But Cornwall’s hug your ribs may crack,
Or twist your neck, or snap your back.
’Tis a vain thing, Sir, to my mind,
Pastime in such rough pranks to find.
I’ve known the strongest maim’d for life,
With children starved, and beggar’d wife ;
And some for weeks unfit to work,
Who did at last their labour shirk.
Others, who gain’d a pound or two,
Drafts for it on the tapster drew.
Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus,
But they were beasts, and ravenous ;
And, if he went to yonder Ring,
I doubt if he his cap would fling.
’Tis a vain thing, Sir, as I said,
Men want their strength to gain their bread ;
But the team waits’—and with ‘ good day ’
The sturdy ploughman strode away.

A local Barnabas, I guess'd,
One of the new Saints of the West,
A muscular Christian and true man,
A match for Kingsley or for Cann
In thoughts and thews, one who could throw
An argument, or bear a blow,
Humble yet firm, and, though so civil,
Ready to wrestle with the Devil.
So half convinced, as you may be,
I went—but not the match to see.

INA'S COOMBE.

1

I DWELT erewhile near Ina's Combe,
One of the sweetest dells in Devon;
Loved Devon ! that in its vernal bloom
Excels all lands beneath the Heaven;
Whose glades and meads are ever green,
Whose rivulets are living rills,
Where tors like castles crown each scene,
Or forests belt the swelling hills.
A land with milk and honey flowing,
Whose kine for grace with deer compare,
Whose roses half the year are blowing,
Whose maidens with their auburn hair,
Their damask cheeks, their truth, their worth,
Their beauty, find few peers on Earth.

2

Dear native land of my own kin,
 Who sleep so far from its kind soil,
 Whither I came that I might win
 My country back, as waves recoil,
 Only more close to clasp the shore ;
 With a light step, and heart as light,
 I came from the wild Ocean's roar
 When the May-morn of youth was bright,
 And found a bower and cull'd a flower
 Which to my heart I bound, and wear
 With a ring fasten'd to this hour ;
 And 'tis my will, as I declare,
 That, when the precious flower shall die,
 It shall on my cold bosom lie.

3

In Ina's Coombe fond Memory dwells,
 For, long since, in its sylvan shade,
 By those hoar rocks and mossy cells
 A sweeter tune a minstrel play'd
 Than Walla's crispèd lip could sing,
 Which warbles now as it did when

Will ye left 'Tavie's straggling spring'
To court the Echo of this glen
With the quaint music of his reed,
Making her 'umpire of his strains,'
Yet won 'the learned shepherd's meed,'
And might have pleased Thessalian swains,
Or even those of Arcadie
With his 'Love rural minstralsie.'

4

Grave Milton could from Moschus pass
To hear those lays, and caught their tone,
As you may find in Lycidas ;
Spencer had thought they were his own,
Had not Death numb'd his tuneful ear ;
And Shakespeare, had he chanced to stray
From Avon's bank, had linger'd here,
To listen to his namesake's lay.
But few will care in this fast age
For such archaic verse and spelling,
Or turn to Murray's copious page
To search his birthplace or his dwelling ;

And in the Church of his old town
No tablet tells of William Browne.

5

But one lived there whom I knew well,
Another Willye, who loved books,
And could the antique letters spell;
Who scann'd the rhythm of purling brooks,
And learnt sweet idylls from the trees.
With the first lark that hail'd the morn
He rose, to meet the moorland breeze,
To cull a blossom from the thorn,
To brush the dewdrops from the thyme,
To win a smile at every cot,
And weave a wreath of simple rhyme.
He had not 'Willye's' name forgot,
And led me through the golden broom
And primrosed banks to Ina's Coombe.

6

My guide I tried long since to paint,
But who was Ina you may ask,
Was she a fairy or a saint,
Or frolic damsel in a mask?

Perhaps accomplish'd Bray could tell.
'Tis said by one fair chronicler
That, like the maid of Avenel,
She rose when none expected her
In a white mist, and otherwhile
Unseen would like a seraph sing,
Or would belated maids beguile
With amorous plaints, or in a ring
Set them a-tiptoe with gay strains,
While round them troop'd their jolly swains.

7

But ' Willye' said that whether she
Were child of earth or greater Power,
Her deeds would show more certainly ;
For it was known that oft the hour
When she the buglehorn did wind,
And through the dale pursued the chase,
Leaving the speedy gales behind,
Nor rested till she reach'd this place.
The rustics told how, like Queen Mab,
She play'd sometimes most saucy tricks,

With sheepwash would the milkmaids dab,
 As wasp on parson's nose would fix,
 Would tickle the oldwife's grey mare,
 And lead her goodman anywhere.

8

Through the tall ferns you'll find your way
 To a wide, deep, and limpid pool,
 The Pixies Pool ; so named this day,
 Where Walla stops her haste to cool.
 Was it so call'd for Ina's sake ?
 Perhaps she here had scull'd an oar
 When she was Lady of the Lake,
 To find her sweetheart on the shore,
 Where I have waited at my tryst,
 And waited long, but not in vain,
 For a fair form that was not mist,
 Yet might as Queen of Fairies reign ;
 In grace and height exceeding them,
 A rose upon a lily's stem.

9

Under the elmtrees where you see
 The rustic bridge, one moonlit night

Fair Ina, with a company
Of Sylphs all clad in robes snow-white,
On dainty silver sandals came ;
And, waving o'er the stream her wand,
The rugged rocks that bridge to frame
Did to her mute command respond.
And there it stands to prove the tale :
Like an Egyptian monolith,
To read whose lines the learnèd fail,
The granite shows 'tis more than myth.
But I will not contend with you
Whether what's told us is all true.

10

But this all firmly may believe :
Hard bye a Miller dwelt of yore,
Who could with ease a full sack heave,
And down his throat a firkin pour.
Home staggering from the beery town
One night, he stray'd to Pixies' Pool,
Saw Ina's boat and her white gown,
And thought a cruise his head would cool.

So he embark'd—that is plump'd in,
 Like a millstone diving in the water ;
 The mere-maid seized his shaggy chin,
 Or else it was his stout-arm'd daughter,
 Who wander'd when she ought to wink,
 That dragg'd him gurgling to the brink.

11

He heard some stifled laughter there,
 While lugg'd about by his red beard,
 Whether on earth or in the air,
 From rustic gruff or phantom weird,
 Is still a matter of much doubt.
 But it is said that, since the time
 When Willye Browne's sweet pipe went out,
 That is when he had ceased to rhyme,
 The mist did never more assume
 The form of damsel robed in white ;
 That all the fays have left the Coombe,
 And neither churchyard ghost nor sprite,
 Nor aught unearthly now is seen
 On threshold, pond, or village-green.

12

No wonder—hark ! The engine's whistle
Shrills where the Tavy Walla wed ;
The Volunteers on Heath Down bristle ;
At Many Butts, where long shafts sped,
The Snider bullets pierce the targe ;
And, where the Abbot kept his hounds,
A Board School does its pack discharge,
To yell about his pleasure grounds :
His Abbey is a News-room now,
To which a Lock-up is annex'd ;
Through his long park they drive the plough ;
And Woman's Rights are now the text
Where the old Monks ne'er dreamt their bones
Would be so moved by Ashworth's tones.

13

To Ina's disenchanted Coombe
I bid a fond and long farewell !
But where to go and find more room
To move and breathe I cannot tell.
I almost fear to cross the Moor,
For half of it with hemp is sown ;

Nor seek the Town, for closed each door
Which open once to me was thrown.
I'll take the Bus, and then the Rail,
And climb again Dunheved's Keep,
And then Brown Willy's crags I'll scale,
Or his grim brother Roughtor's steep,
And breathe, o'er leagues of heather-bloom,
A sigh to lovely Ina's Coombe.

NOTE.—The William Browne mentioned in the preceding verses is the Author of *Britannia's Pastorals*. He was born at Tavistock in 1588, within a mile or so of Ina's Coombe. At an auction in 1851 a copy of his *Poems* was sold, with Notes in Milton's handwriting. In 1868 a beautiful edition of his entire Works, with a Memoir, was prepared by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, and printed for the Roxburgh Library.

EXPOSTULATION.

JUST as I form'd that wise design,
And to the Station did incline,
One met me, short and ruddy-faced,
Who long had ceased to have a waist;
A kind of broadcloth sack he wore,
Much like the Spenser used of yore,
But not so curt, and gaiter'd hose
Did his capacious calves enclose.
His arms were deepset in his pockets,
Like short thick candles in their sockets,
And, 'twere not for his breadth, his brim
Would almost have extinguish'd him.

He smiled on me so wistfully,
He must have heard my rhapsody
About the present and the past ;
And then a glance at me he cast
Which had a comic fascination,
And check'd my haste to reach the Station.
He call'd me by my proper name,
And said— ' Sir, since you here first came,
There have been changes great and many,
But perhaps you are averse to any,
Preferring the old ways and places,
Old forms, old fashions, and old faces.'
' Just so, but over things gone by,
As o'er spilt milk, 'tis vain to cry ;
Yet I must own that these fast times
Shake me, and dislocate my rhymes.'
' Rhymes, Sir ? Thank God I am no poet,
And never will be if I know it.
The best of them I'm told get crazy,
The rest are dreamy, dull, and lazy ;
Most of them, if they ever dine,
Get steaks from Pharaoh's leanest kine.'

‘ You are right again,’ I frankly said,
‘ The best of poets earn hard bread,
And a mere metre-ballad-monger
Deserves to feel the pangs of hunger.’
‘ Exactly so, the idle scamps
Should all be taken up as tramps,
And picking oakum for a time
Might teach them to untwist their rhyme.
Perhaps the creatures mean no harm,
But now like summer flies they swarm,
And change sometimes from verse to prose,
And tell what everybody knows ;
But dullest prose is not so bad
As verse when it is prose run mad.’

He laugh’d, and then resumed the theme
Which did his favourite topic seem,
The great improvements of the Town,
How shops went up, how huts went down,
And in their stead rose cottages,
For poor folk perfect palaces,

Fair to the eye, and snug with
To keep men home from beer
New churches, chapels, bank
New sewers, and no more fever
New Guildhall, markets, stre
Quite a new town, with vast c
' All, Sir, or most, done by c
The Duke ! whom you might
' Yes—but you have left out
Which faster rise than archit
But there I touch'd on tender
And thoughtless probed a rec
And, when he gave his partin
I saw the smile had left his li

THE HOTEL.

I REACH'D the porch and changed my mind,
Enter'd, and left my cares behind.
There's something genial in an Inn,
That even makes a sallow skin
Glow with a tinge of early morn,
Though that's a simile much worn,
And rather far-fetch'd seems to me
To bring into a hostelry.
The Landlord I had known long since,
As his warm greeting did evince ;
A portly man he was, and able
To set example at the table ;
Could join the converse, give a toast
And do all that becomes a host.

Not one of your white-neckcloth'd prigs,
Who mince their words as they were figs,
And with their sham civilities
Offend more people than they please.

And well I knew his stalwart sire,
Who did long since from life retire ;
A landlord of the olden time,
A theme for Chaucer's graphic rhyme,
Fit to preside at the Tabard ;
His gibes had hit the pilgrims hard,
Or his droll tales had made them merry,
As they rode down to Canterbury.
But such methinks was not his bent ;
To Plymouth he not seldom went
On his stout cob, and on his road
Homeward, having settled what he owed,
And got full change, he always slept,
And no account of milestones kept ;
Nor woke until his trusty hack
Brought him straight to his own house back.

So safe the roads, and such the men
And horses bred in England then.

No more of him, now to the Bar !
How comely barmaids always are !
How glib their tongues, as does befit,
How sparkling is their ready wit !
How stored their minds with useful knowledge,
As scholars find from every college,
And every traveller can prove !
How gracefully their fingers move,
Knitting their mittens as they talk,
Or neatly copying out your chalk !
More charming still, when for some friend
To draw the ' Bass ' they condescend !
But where's the Bar, and where am I ?
So tired, so stupid, and so dry,
And yet not see the lady here
Dispensing smiles—not to say beer,
Although it neither stale nor flat is ;
Sitting like damsel at her lattice,

Nodding to me, to you, to others,
As if all sweethearts were, or brothers !
Right was old Weller about widows,
Whether you meet them in the meadows
At picnics, or when from the Bar
One beams on you like evening's star.
But if you doubt it, take this journey,
Or send me here as your Attorney ;
For here there is such evidence
As must convince the dullest sense.
Another tankard of the same,
Fair Mistress——! If you change your name,
As I'm disposed to think you will,
It will be hard your place to fill.
One more segar—kind thanks to you,
'Twill soothe me on my way—Adieu !

WESTWARD AND SOUTHWARD.

ONCE more on Cornwall's heath I spring,
I fly, like curlew on the wing,
And now I feel the Western gale,
And now towards me bounds the Sea !
Hail to thee, glorious Ocean, hail !
With all thy white-plumed chivalry,
Charging for aye the embattled shores.
Hark how the din of combat roars !
Who wins or loses, Sea or Land ?
If you stood ages on yon strand,
You'd have some ages more to stay
Before you learnt who gain'd the day.
At times the billows have the best,
Riding far inland with proud crest ;

But suddenly they turn, and back
To their old plains pursue their track,
Or fling up mounds of sand, which prove
Barriers the waves themselves can't move.
And then the Shore gains on the Deep,
But not much faster than snails creep :
Far as our knowledge yet extends,
The doubtful conflict never ends.

But now from that grand scene I turn
Southward, and wade through rustling fern,
But further from the gorse I hold,
Whose spears are hid with shields of gold.
Then fast I pace the lonely Moor,
And reach Dozmere's unfathom'd pool,
Where once the giant used to roar,
Tregeagle hight, like frantic bull,
What time the horseflies lance his skin :
Doom'd nightly, for his former sin
In seizing lands he should not take,
With a holed shell to empt the lake ;

But, anger'd at his hopeless task,
He would ere dawn his wrath uncask,
And yell till rocks like sheep were scatter'd,
And down the glens the boulders clatter'd.
Then the Arch Fiend, who ne'er doth sleep,
From craggy Caradon would leap,
And chase the giant round the swamp ;
Whence, by the North Star's trembling lamp,
With his long limbs Tregeagle strode
Towards Roche, familiar with the road,
Nor paused, nor ceased to roar, until
He grasp'd the lofty Chapel's sill,
And, thrusting in his grisly head,
Mutter'd his prayers—then went to bed.

Next to Saint Neot's vacant cell
I bent my steps, and found the Well
In whose pure spring in his far day
Three speckled trout did always play,
And to that most abstemious priest
Supplied a never-failing feast,

If for each meal he took but one ;
If he took more he would get none.
Such was the Angel's plain condition,
And the Saint kept it with precision.

The Saint fell sick, and his kind cook
Two fishes from the fountain took,
And one he boil'd, and in the pan
He fried the other, thoughtful man ;
And fondly fancied that he might
Tempt the Saint's squeamish appetite,
Deeming his art, as some think still,
More curative than leech's skill.
The trout with butter and a ladle
Were brought, like two babes in a cradle :
The Saint, who only look'd for one,
Cried— ' Where didst get two trout, my son,
And why boil one, and t'other fry ?'
The exulting cook made prompt reply—
' I dress'd them so, most reverend sire,
In pot and pan by the same fire,

Because thy appetite has fail'd,
And from the Well the trout I haled.'
'How didst thou dare to violate
Heaven's strict behest, rash reprobate?
Go—fling them both into the Well!'
Then on his knees Saint Neot fell,
While with the savoury dish cook ran,
By the way cursing pot and pan,
And with a splash threw both fish in;
And instantly life stirr'd each fin,
The boil'd grew frisky as the fried,
And three fish frolick'd in the tide.
The cook rush'd back and was forgiven,
And the Saint render'd thanks to Heaven;
Then, feeling peckish, sent the cook
Back to the Well, who one fish took,
One of the three, but still left three
Fine trout there swimming merrily.
The fish was either fried or boil'd,
Unless, as some suggest, 'twas broil'd;
And then Saint Neot broke his fast,
Hoping his next less time would last,

Got well, gave thanks, lived long on fish,
But had one only on his dish ;
And, when to Heaven he was promoted,
In the clear Well three live trout floated.

The well remains, and, if you doubt,
Come, and perhaps you'll see the trout,
And learn to cypher to your gain,
Take One from Three and Three remain ;
Much like subtracting None from None,
Or multiplying One times One,
Which last rule Faust learnt from the witch in
The magic circle in her kitchen.

In this long, narrow strip of land
The folk still by their legends stand,
For miracles have ostrich gizzards,
Believe in charms, consult grey wizards,
See ghosts. hear many a mystic sound,
And will not whistle underground.

But, if for supernatural lore
You have a taste, you'll get much more
From Couch, Hunt, Hawker, and their fellows,
For whom I may not heave the bellows.

A LAWYER OF THE OLD TYPE.

1

Yes, still I sigh for days gone by,
Though not for those blest times of old
When thirsty bards found Castles nigh,
And were not left out in the cold,
And when the pilgrim and the poor
Wide open found the Convent door.

2

No, many centuries less will do
To satisfy my retrospection,
When Counsel rode, as if in view,
From shire to shire, with a selection
Of flasks and cases at their cruppers,
Baited—spurr'd on—and got their suppers.

3 .

Judges in coaches you would see,
As large as waggons and as slow ;
The pace became their dignity,
The people bow'd to them full low,
The Sheriff with his trumpets shrill
And Troop received them on the hill.

4

What of the Attorneys ? On stout nags
They did to the Assizes trot
Astride on their wide saddle-bags,
Which held briefs, shirts, cravats—what not ?
They also baited on the road,
And let their cork'd up mirth explode.

5

One of their cloth I knew right well,
A shrewd, well-read, and jovial man,
Who could take oysters from the shell,
And pick the grain out from the bran ;
Good at the desk, but at the board
Still better when the liquor pour'd.

6

He jogg'd to market and to fair,
Nor scorn'd to shake a horny hand ;
Would take a glass with any there,
Or glasses round for them would stand ;
Gave advice gratis to poor folk,
And boldly for each client spoke.

7

On his safe hack from hall to hall
He with his saddle-bags would ride,
And welcome did his footsteps fall
To groom, squire, dame, and would-be bride ;
No house was built without his plans,
His parchments needful were as banns.

8

Sometimes it cost a score of sheep
Their skins to hold his conjugations,
And made a femme sole blush or weep
To hear of her unborn relations,
Till o'er the vellum he would lead
Her hand like lambkin on a mead.

9

He knew the pedigree of pigs
As well as of the County people ;
Could talk of plants from hothouse sprigs
Up to the lichen on the steeple :
On horse, dog, cattle, great his lore,
And he could oft the parson floor.

10

But his forte was in testing wine,
He knew the vintage of each year
As if himself had pluck'd the vine ;
That he had bottled it was clear ;
And, when disputes on dates arose,
He was the umpire whom all chose.

11

Ha ! but to see him brew a bowl,
That was indeed delectable ;
The rum seem'd precious to his soul,
Cloves, cinnamon, ginger, candy fell
Into the cauldron, with the juice
Of lemons, but not too profuse.

12

This task all ranks to him assign'd,
He got his skill from the old tanners
On Cornwall's coast, where strangers find
Small profits but prodigious dinners ;
Where they put congers in a pie,
And as a hake would Satan fry.

13

And, next to punch, in politics
He show'd his tact, his heart delighted ;
He knew the boroughmongers' tricks,
How seats were won and votes requited ;
At Tregony, Michell, and Saint Mawes
Had guaged the size of most men's paws.

14

In yonder hamlet in those days
Went on for weeks a constant revel ;
And one whole Lent, my old friend says,
They held an orgy of the Devil ;
All through the night large bonfires blazed,
Round which they danced as if all crazed.

15

Of course he did not soil his hands,
No, the foul work was left to others,
Who bought the colours, hired the bands,
And gave new gowns to all the mothers,
Ribbons to maidens, and to men
The coin that was their birthright then.

16

His task was as a canvasser,
With smiles a smile or vote to win;
To stroke the cats and make them pur,
To chuck the spinsters 'neath the chin,
To pat a goodwife on the back,
Perchance her rosy lips to smack.

17

For babes that would some day have votes
Comfits he brought and sugarcandy;
Snuff for old gossips—for sore throats
And colds his lozenges were handy;
And other pretty ways he had
Which pleased the grave and cheer'd the sad.

18

With all the topics of the hour

He was familiar as the 'Times';

The encroachments of the Papal Power,

Tithes, Poor Laws, Corn Laws, Game Laws, Crimes;

Wrecks came, he said, the rates to aid,

And smuggling only meant free trade.

19

And, when he met a village Hume,

He proved himself a dab at figures;

'Mong sportsmen in the Inn's long room

He was quite glib on guns and triggers;

Chopp'd logic with profound shoemakers,

And cited texts to drab-breech'd Quakers.

20

If a young candidate should falter,

His wit like saddled hack was ready,

Or as a donkey by the halter

He through the market led his Neddy;

And for the brains got a round fee

When Sir M. T. became M.P.

21

‘ That was the golden age, my boy,’
Observed the legal sage to me ;
‘ Although there was some slight alloy,
And future times may purer be ;
But, when as white as mine your hair,
You will your testimony bear.

22

‘ Yes, as the son of David said,
From whom there is so much to learn,
Whose proverb now comes in my head,
Dogs to their vomit will return :
But to apply that ancient saw
Might subject you to Lydford law.

23

‘ They’d hang you first, and try you after,
And might acquit you of the offence
While you still swung, like flitch from rafter,
Unconscious of your innocence :
But, lad, my glass is empty quite,
And ’tis past twelve o’clock—Good night !’

A PARSON OF THE OLD TYPE.

1

A scholar, and a sound one beyond question,
Of Greek and Latin ample was his store,
Strong for theology was his digestion,
And great his thirst for miscellaneous lore ;
A proper gentleman and powerful Christian,
Who in his stockings on the vestry floor
Stood six feet two ; and, rising from the hassock,
His frame look'd fitter for cuirass than cassock.

2

Ay, and a right good soldier he had been

If such his bent, but gentler was his mood ;
Not tented fields he loved, but meadows green,
And rivulets that had no tinge of blood ;

Preferr'd the embattled corn to martial sheen,

The russet leaves by blasts of Autumn strew'd
To scatter'd squadrons, and the huntsman's horn
To drums and trumpets at the break of morn.

3

The huntsman's horn ? What, did he like the Chase,

And did he in his banns and surplice ride ?

No, Sir, when Dawn flung roses on his face,

He did like Nimrod his strong steed bestride
In cords and tops that would no limb disgrace ;

A stout, stiff velvet cap, with brim not wide,
Guarded his sconce ; and a curt broadcloth coat,
Black as beseem'd, was button'd to his throat.

4

But tell me—did a spur adorn each heel ?

A Clerk in spurs must be a splendid sight !

Yes, you may laugh, but spurs of truest steel,

In purest silver set, he wore as bright

As Lion-Heart's when Pagan's felt his zeal,

Glistening like stars in a fine frosty night.

And did he wind a horn or ring a bell ?

No, Sir, his voice made music in the dell.

5

Such a view-hallo ne'er before was heard,

And I believe will ne'er be heard again ;

And now—go listen if you doubt my word—

No crack as yet is found in his fine strain,

Blithe as the clarion of the old game bird,

That sends his challenge over hill and plain,

While dunghills by their drowsy partlets gape,

Or see sly Reynard with a brace escape.

6

Think you the Chase unfits him for the Church ?

Attend him there, and you will find his tones
Such as become the place ; nay, you may search
Through many counties, from Cathedral thrones,
And lofty stalls where solemn prebends perch,
To parish aisles which are not cells of drones,
But echo the sweet sound of psalm and prayer,
And you will hear no voice more earnest there.

7

He had been taught to speak his mother-tongue,
As English should be spoken, like a man,
Not flipt as marbles, or like pebbles slung ;
His Bible not like anapests to scan ;
Not to force particles, or, as beads are strung,
To end his periods just as they began ;
But so to read, and so to pray and preach,
That to all hearts and minds his words might reach.

8

And never hath this learned, stalwart Clerk
In other sacred duties proved remiss ;
Faithful alike in all his parish work ;
For every prattling child he hath a kiss,
But doth not to denounce old sinners shirk,
Nor hands a passport to eternal bliss
To every one that turns his eyes to Heaven,
And asks but with his lips to be forgiven.

9

Prompt, at the claim of tender Charity,
His agile steps proceed from door to door ;
From grange or cot, as cogent comes the plea ;
Alike to him the town, the park, the moor,
When summon'd on his sacred embassy,
Friend of the rich, and neighbour of the poor ;
And leagues on leagues he travels hill and dale,
If words or deeds of kindness may avail.

10

Lately ere dawn he rose and left his home,
And by lone bridle-paths and ancient ways
Which others in perplexity would roam,
But well to him known from his earliest days,
Westward he rode, nor made his hackney foam,
But let him quaff the rills, the hillocks graze ;
Yet cover'd half two shires, and reach'd the town
As o'er the Cornish cliffs the Sun went down.

11

And hale and gay sat at the social board,
Unbent with fourscore years, the expected guest,
And show'd of wit and wisdom what a hoard,
What racy tales, like spicy apples press'd,
Beneath the thatch of his white locks was stored,
And every last recital seem'd the best :
But, while he talk'd, he did not fail to eat,
And then with reverence did the grace repeat.

12

Life's creature comforts sagely he enjoy'd

Why should he not? He saw no harm in beer,
Though sots did well strong fluids to avoid;

The Scripture told him wine was given to cheer
The heart of man, if not with surfeit cloy'd:

'And this old Port,' he said, 'so sound and clear,
Gives warmth, not fire, to limbs with ague shaken,
And for the stomach's sake, Sir, may be taken.'

13

The doctrine like the wine was clear and sound,

And from conviction we our glasses fill'd
As the good liquor in its course went round,

Not doubting 'twas from real grapes distill'd,
Gather'd from vines that grew on Lusian ground.

But quantum suff:—and, lest it might be chill'd,
The host advised, with shrewd discrimination,
A glass of Sherry as our last libation.

14

But why had ridden that veteran priest so far,
In one day journeying over moor and heather,
From the pale glimmer of the morning star
To sunset, under clouds and changeful weather,
Miles just as many as his winters are,
Of time so lightly yet he felt the tether ;
A distance which would take a modern priest,
If he could mount a horse, three days at least ?

15

At mercy's call, with voice and heart he came
An advocate for helpless penitence,
To speak for those who bear the sainted name
Of one that grieved for her lost innocence,
Washing with floods of grief her bosom's shame,
And bathing, in her heart's free affluence,
With precious ointment the loved Master's feet,
Who deem'd her bitter tears more pure and sweet.

16

And well for our sad sisters did he plead :

The ancient Church was fill'd with his deep voice,
Once more men heard how English priests should read,

And greybeards did at the old tones rejoice,
At the old modes, to which new forms succeed,

Whether without or with the people's choice ;
And few who saw or heard him but would say—
' Ever may England's Clerks thus preach and pray ! '

LOST ON THE PERRAN SANDS.

1

He paced with me the Cornish strand

As the night fell, and the white foam
Like phosphor fringed the belt of sand,

But scarce a star in all Heaven's dome
Could pierce the sea-mist, and each cave
Yawn'd like an empty Ocean grave.

2

But in one antre deep and vast,

Scoop'd from the granite by the Sea,
The Arturian's pipe a halo cast

Which lent a saintly dignity
To his high brow and flowing locks,
Like genius gleaming 'mong the rocks.

3

Morn came—again we paced the shore,
The Atlantic surges reach'd our feet,
And did as lions bound and roar,
Then back to their green lairs retreat ;
Flouting us, in their high disdain,
With tail instead of bristling mane.

4

Then torches in the cavern flash'd,
Kindled by friends, and we beheld
The vaulted depths where lately crash'd
The boulders by the waves impell'd ;
And once again the black dudeen
Diffused its fragrance and its sheen.

5

We sallied forth—the pipe was lost !
But how I never yet could learn ;
They say 'twas like a limpet toss'd,
Which some not slow were to discern ;
And then, to save it, man and maid
Did to their knees and higher wade.

6

'Twas saved—who got it? One slim girl,
Whose limbs would Thetis' form have graced,
Saw it among the cockles whirl,
And, while old Neptune clasp'd her waist,
She seized, and with white hand held up
The clay as 'twere a diver's cup.

7

Ocean hath yielded no such gem,
But never more the minstrel's soul
Inhaled fine thoughts through that short stem,
Or comfort quaff'd from that black bowl :
Whether the lady tried the effect
Only the envious would suspect.

THE GULL ROCK.

1

The whelming surge bursts on Trebarwith strand,
And from Tintagel's cliff rebounds the roar ;
Yet scarce a breath disturbs the drifted sand,
While torrents from the deluged caverns pour.

2

Blood-red the Sun in the Atlantic dips,
The sky turns crimson, crimson are the clouds,
And the broad sails of the few scatter'd ships
Like sheets of purple flap the masts and shrouds.

3

'Tis a dead calm at sea, though here the swell
Like a long range of hills volcanic heaves ;
And the gale, yielding to some mighty spell,
Awhile the anxious mariner reprieves.

4

Toward their rocky islet in the Deep

The gulls are cleaving, wailing in their flight,
And on the ledges of its Eastern steep

Countless they gather till the cliff looks white.

5

Being weatherwise, they choose the landward side,

The best storm-heralds which the cragsman knows ;
As sailors tell that on the Ocean wide

The petrel warns before a tempest blows.

6

It may be so ; else 'tis a blameless faith,

And kind, that man should deem the birds his friends ;
That the same Power which gave him living breath

The wing on its aerial mission sends.

7

' But, lady, 'tis not even yet two hours

Since we were standing on the Ocean's marge,
Where now the waves against the Land's strong towers
Their dread artillery from the depths discharge.

8

‘ Blue as the cloudless sky was the wide sea,
And, as the crested billows towards us roll’d,
We saw the emblems of their heraldry,
Emeralds in silver set and rimm’d with gold.

9

‘ On the firm, glistening sands your slender feet
Left their light imprint, and more steps I traced
That show’d the marks of buskins small and neat,
Soon like the tracks of life to be effaced.’

10

Thoughtful the lady looks, as well she may,
One dear to her has left these wintry Isles,
Bound to the sunny regions far away,
Whither I say ‘ God speed him !’ and she smiles.

11

We wish yon straggling barks were safely moor’d,
And bid the gulls farewell, nor loth retire
Homeward to a bright hearth and genial board,
Where o’er the surge once flash’d the beacon-fire.

12

'Tis midnight: from Heaven's vault the lightnings leap,
Thunders reverberate from cliff and cave;
Tornado-blasts o'er the fall'n donjon sweep,
Threatening to hurl its ruins to the wave.

13

Do the lorn seabirds still their clefts retain,
Or has the gale dispersed the shrieking flock ?
How fare the ships on the wild, starless Main,
Toss'd to the cloud, or dash'd on fathomless rock ?

14

No slumber seals the lady's lids this night,
Or, if she sleeps, she does of shipwreck dream,
And wakes to pray and watch, till morning light
O'er reeling hulls and floating spars shall gleam.

THE CLOUDS ABOVE US GATHER.

1

The clouds above us gather,
 Bleak winds sweep o'er the lea,
And round us heavy troubles
 Are swelling like yon sea ;
But 'gainst the storm our dwelling
 Stands safe as on a rock,
And, firm in love, our bosoms
 Will bear Time's rudest shock.

2

The leaves have long ceased falling,
And stir not on the ground ;
With snows our humble roof-tree
Like our own brows is crown'd :
But what of that, dear helpmate ?
Your smile dispels the chill ;
And the hearth burns bright as ever
Since you are with me still.

3

But Death is fast approaching,
And will not miss our gate,
And Sickness, his wan herald,
Does on the threshold wait :
We wish the weird intruder
Would change his mind and leave ;
If not, we will with patience
The unlook'd for guest receive.

4

But soon the unwelcome stranger

Bids me my fears dismiss,

And on my darling's dimple

Imprints a parting kiss ;

And now let black clouds gather,

And bleak winds sweep the lea,

We care not though life's troubles

Swell round us like yon sea.

THE YEARS.

1

Years—how swiftly they go by,
 Changing plumage as they fly,
 Sometimes white, and sometimes grey
 Purple, sable, fleet away !

2

Would you have their course more slow ?
 Frankly tell me—Yes or No.
 I am puzzled I confess,
 But I think I'll answer Yes !

3

That's almost a negative :
 But to this an answer give,
 When you count the years you've pass'd
 Wish you they had flown more fast ?

4

No, I answer, firm and plain ;
With their pleasure and their pain,
Taking all the years together,
I'm contented to a feather.

5

Dark the future years, and few
Now are left for me or you :
Tell me, would you stay their flight
To the realm of Death's long night ?

6

To that question I reply,
With the years I still would fly,
From the whirl of earthly things
Wafted by their shadowy wings.

7

Ah ! you brave it cheerily,
Like a sail on the wild sea,
Or a sear leaf on the bough
When fierce Autumn drives the plough.

WEEPING YET SMILING.

1

ONE touch'd some chords that long had slept
Another heard, and in her eyes
Tears gather'd at the sweet surprise,
And yet she smiled although she wept.

2

It took her heart back to the years
Of happy childhood, hopeful youth,
The days of innocence and truth,
When smiles yet wore no trace of tears.

3

Why weeps she now ? Among the forms
The lute did with its magic frame,
The ' dear paternal image ' came,
Gazing on which my own heart warms.

4

It was the air he used to sing,
 ' The Sapling Oak,' like which he grew,
 Sound at the core, and to the view
 Majestic as the forest king.

5

'Twas summer—ah ! how long ago !
 When, in the shade of such a tree,
 We heard him sing that melody,
 And saw the rippling Tavy flow.

6

The woodland echoes caught the tone,
 And like an orchestra the birds
 Accompanied the noble words,
 As if they had their meaning known.

7

I see him still, and hear as then
 The voice I thought was mute for ever ;
 The birds return from glen and river,
 And all the leaves are green again.

8

But not more sweet at that bright hour
The roses that perfumed the gale,
Than the wan lily of the vale
Which, dew'd with tears, still decks my bower.

9

Oh ! strange that Memory should keep
Such pictures hidden in her cell,
That a few tones from Music's shell
Should cause us thus to smile and weep.

10

But, if a simple strain can wake
Such sweet remembrances as these,
May not celestial harmonies
The long, sepulchral slumber break ?

11

At times, when from my chamber dim
I look up to the Heavens serene,
I think I hear the harps unseen
Prelude the Resurrection hymn.

12

In vain some tell me that I dream,
That mythic fancies haunt my mind,
That I but hear the moaning wind,
And see a falling meteor gleam.

13

If lacking faith, we still might hope
And wish to leave this clime of clouds,
These misty hills, these vales of shrouds
Where 'mong the dead the living grope.

14

Not that these skies are always dark,
Not that the Sun beams not each day,
Chasing our gloom and care away,
While Earth bounds onward like a bark :

15

Bearing us, when our souls despond,
Into the azure depths afar,
Nor left, when darkest, without star
To point to brighter spheres beyond.

HAST THOU THY CARES ?

Hast thou thy cares, thy sorrows, and thy wrongs ?
Many have more and greater, few have less :
Since first men wander'd in the wilderness,
And since they mingled in Life's eager throngs,
All—all have proved that to our race belongs,
The inheritance of trouble and of sin ;
That not the strong prevail, the swiftest win ;
That saddest tones conclude the sweetest songs ;
That there is not in all Earth's devious ways
A path without a serpent or a thorn ;
And he in quest of bliss who farthest strays,
Like bird that chases Summer, more forlorn
Returns to tell that he hath not yet found
A spot where human ills did not abound.

HOW ARE THE BURTHENS BORNE ?

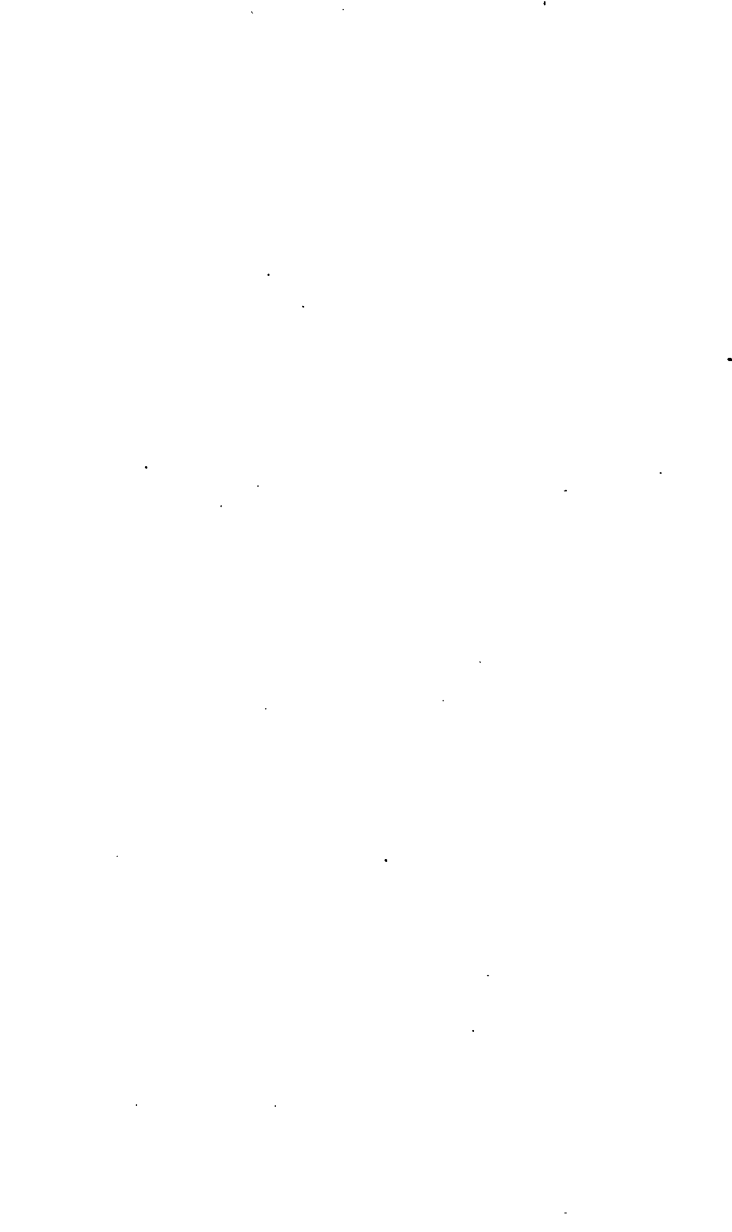
WHILE sages moralize and priests exhort,
In diverse manner men the burthens bear
Which, if not equally, they all must share,
Whether life's journey lengthy be or short.
With crutches some their feebleness support ;
To their inevitable lot some bend
As oxen to the yoke their necks extend,
And some to restive impotence resort :
Others with sullen discontent submit,
More sigh and groan, and mutely some repine,
And a few gibe at Fortune with small wit ;
Fewer contend not against Heav'n's design,
Yet make brave efforts, with implicit trust
That God will help the weak and save the just.

BEATRICE.

'Twas in Ravenna Dante's daughter dwelt,
Under the shadow of Saint Stephen's tower,
Poor and forlorn, her name the only dower
From him beside whose tomb she often knelt.
Florence, repenting late, compassion felt,
And thence one day a stranger came with gold,
Which to the Nun, so saintly and so cold,
He proffered smiling, while his heart did melt.
No other than Boccaccio brought the gift,
Who as a son revered and loved her sire ;
And, when she did her hood all meekly lift
To render grateful answer and retire,
He by the father's portrait knew the child,
And wept, as she return'd her thanks and smiled.*

* For the foregoing incident see Carey's DANTE.

THE PATRIOT PRIEST.



TO THE MEMORY OF THE PATRIOT PRIEST,

ENRICO NAPOLEONE TAZZOLI,

BORN AT CANNETO IN THE PROVINCE OF MANTUA 19 APRIL,

1812,

EXECUTED AT BELFIORE 7 DECEMBER, 1852,

THESE LINES ARE REVERENTLY INSCRIBED.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

HOR. Lib. III, 3.

Virtù contra furore
Prenderà l'arme; e fia 'l combatter corto :
Chè l'antico valore
Nell' Italici cor non è ancor morto.

PETRARCA, Canzone III.

La causa dei popoli è come la causa della religione ;
non trionfa che per le virtù de ' martiri.

ENRICO TAZZOLI.

THE PATRIOT PRIEST.

WE have seen heroes in the humblest poor,
Who faced the gaunt wolf even at the door,
Struggled with sin and shame, and met grim Death
Without dismay, smiling with their last breath.
Some we have known, in ease or affluence born,
Who lived to learn that 'man was made to mourn,'
And with each trial did more patience gain,
More fortitude with every keener pain ;
By battling with the world whose hearts grew strong,
Who calmly bore contumely and wrong,
On slanders as on spawning scorpions trod,
And wrestled with the folds of snake-like fraud ;
And who, contending with Fate's adverse force,
Complain'd not, but kept on in their straight course.

Honour to such ! And honour to the brave
Who dare confront the terrors of the wave,
And under torrid zones or arctic skies
Pursue the manly paths of Enterprise;
And honour to the Evangelists of Peace,
With their lives only whose blest labours cease !
Honour to those who, at their Country's call,
Wage righteous war, or who for Freedom fall !
But yet more honour'd shall their memory be
Who strove and suffer'd for Humanity;
Forbid to die in their own land, and lost
In Ocean's depths, or thrown on some wild coast;
Or near their own loved homes, for God and Truth
Who aged in chains, or in the bloom of youth
Or manhood's prime, under the torturer's grasp
Were maim'd and mangled till they ceased to gasp;
Else spared brief while, but not for Pity's sake,
To perish at the scaffold or the stake.
How light to theirs the perils, trials, woes,
Which all who life derive from Nature's throes
In greater or in less degree inherit,
To bear which well seemeth but common merit !

To death while millions were content to plod,
These went, like Christ, the dolorous way to God ;
And of ' the noble army ' soldiers these,
Unmention'd oft in this world's histories,
But in Heav'n's record number'd 'mong the few
Who to their sacred standards aye were true ;
Combatting still when they appear'd to yield,
And conquerors when their corpses strew'd the field.

There is a Southern land which some call'd dead,
Dead as the Town o'er which the mountain spread
Its pall of ashes centuries ago,
Upon whose walls again the sunbeams glow,
Whose temples rise, but none oblations bring,
And through its forum flits the wild bird's wing.
The land of glorious Eld, whose ruins still
Adorn each vale and crown each hoary hill ;
Where later Art hath rivall'd antique Fame,
And Raphael might have claim'd Apelles' name ;
Where Angelo did Zeuxis' pencil seize,
And found the chisel of Praxiteles,

And Giotto, born amid the liliated fields,
Rear'd piles to which the Augustan splendour yields,
With Gothic grandeur blending Attic grace,
While Nature's lessons in each line we trace.
The realm of Faery, region of Romance,
The home of song, of music and the dance ;
Land of blue skies, bright streams, and myrtle bowers,
Of groves perennial and perpetual flowers,
Lovely, incomparable Italy !
But as thy beauty great thy misery,
By strangers trampled and by factions torn,
Till of all nations left the most forlorn ;
Yet giving, in the depth of thy despair,
To a degenerate world examples rare
Of manliness of the heroic mould,
And virtues worthy of the times of old.

Many the years since to my father's house
Came exiles from that country, o'er whose brows
Not only thought its pallid hue had cast,
But deeply grief had as a ploughshare pass'd ;

Yet, while they fear'd their noble heritage
Of country, language, fame, would, like a page
Torn from the book of Time, be lost for ever,
And hopeless deem'd the patriot's high endeavour,
With the undying and impassion'd love
Of man for woman, tender as the dove,
But as the eagle strong, they still adored
Their Italy ; like lady from her lord
Parted by force, and made a stranger's slave,
Or left a widow weeping at the grave.
Kindly they then for me, but reverently,
As men approaching some great mystery,
Open'd the wondrous Comedy Divine,
And taught me how to sound and scan each line ;
Or else rehearsed what hapless Tasso sang,
Whose verses with the battle-trumpet's clang
Blend sweeter tones than lute did ever breathe,
And myrtle with the bay and laurel wreathe.
Not then had Leopardi's earnest strain
Moved Italy's young hearts ; the Austrian chain
Had numb'd the people's limbs with its vast coil,
Until they crouch'd like serfs on their own soil.

Through Doria's hall the boy Mazzini stray'd,
The Lion of Nizza yet no mane display'd,
And no enthusiast had conceived a hope
To find a Roman patriot in a Pope.

In Mantua's Province at Canneto born,
Enrico, then in life's unclouded morn,
Drew from the classic region of his birth
And the grand lessons of its ancient worth
An influence that inspired his fervent mind
With longing to regenerate mankind ;
But not to love or serve his country least,
Nor only in his mission as a priest
To rescue souls from sin, but as a sage
To impart the knowledge which from Nature's page,
And from the precepts of Philosophy,
As well as from the scrolls of History,
Himself had since his boyhood deeply conn'd ;
Bidding his young disciples not despond
For Freedom, but to emulate their sires,
Whose tombs like altars gleam with quenchless fires.

Arrivabene his maternal line,
A race who with rare culture did combine
The civic virtues for three centuries,
Such honours as attend few pedigrees ;
And one, his mother's brother Ferdinand,
Imprison'd long for loving his own land,
And banish'd to remote and wintry climes.
He wrote of Dante's memorable times,
And from his lips in youth Enrico learn'd
How the great Tuscan for his nation yearn'd,
Urging that, to be great and free once more,
Italy must be one from shore to shore.

But sad experience came with the dark years,
And Freedom's flickering flame with bitter tears
Was sprinkled oft, and oft nigh whelm'd with blood
From bosoms of the wise, the brave, the good ;
And still the names, though most to us unknown,
Of those who pined and died, without a moan,
For Italy, are there as fondly cherish'd
As here the names were once of those who perish'd

For England's cause, though now we cheer the Shah,
And would greet Pio Nono as Papa !

But not dishearten'd was the patriot priest,
And bow'd not down before the Iron Beast
The Austrian Nabuco had set up ;
Yet, while his pure hands held the sacred cup,
He wept to see the people on the ground
Before that image kneel with awe profound.
Then, nerving to his mission his meek heart,
He in the struggle took his proper part ;
Still, with a look no master's skill could paint,
Soothing the sad, and succouring the faint,
Blessing the children as did his dear Lord,
Helping the poor as well by deed as word,
While in the church and hall his eloquence
Did truth as from a crystal well dispense.

Old patriots were roused by his appeal,
The cold and timid kindled with his zeal,
And when at last the war-clouds gather'd round,
And from the North was heard the thunder's sound,

While, like the genius of the impending storm,
Mazzini moved, though few could see his form,
Then, when Vienna thrill'd with strange alarms,
And the Italians cried 'To arms!—to arms!'
Enrico bless'd their banners—bless'd in vain!
Radetsky's horsemen on the Lombard plain
Trampled them down as never more to wave,
Or but to shroud their bearers in the grave.
Then at his post unblenching, unappall'd,
The priest Savonarola's fame recall'd,
And from the altar in his sacred cope
Bade the sad Mantuans not abandon hope,
As those who reach the doleful City far
Where it is alway night, without a star.

But soon himself enter'd the gate of woe.
While with more caution 'gainst the common foe
The patriots in their several towns combined,
Guided mysteriously by the calm mind
Of the great Exile, traitors, mean and foul
As those who did for Nero's victims prowl,

Denounced the leaders, who, without delay,
Were scourged, condemn'd, and slaughter'd day by day;
Youth, manhood, age impartial vengeance shared,
Nor those who wore the cope or cowl were spared.
And then it was, as some yet living tell,
The martyr-priest Grioli from his cell
In his own sacred garb, and lifting high
The emblem of his faith, went forth to die.

One night of January in the next year
Enrico sat with those to him most dear,
Who, recollecting each more grave event,
Were chill'd with vague and sad presentiment
On his account, while at their gloom he smiled,
And with his cheerfulness their fears beguiled.
Suddenly clanging footsteps reach'd the door,
Then lengthy shadows fell upon the floor,
And voices spoke which did not augur peace.
The Imperial Commissary of Police
Came with his escort, and about his task
Went without pausing, did brief questions ask,

THE PATRIOT PRIEST.

Clutch'd every script his cunning eye could
And to his ruffians' care the priest consign'd
Who on them look'd and smiled, benign and
As when that eve he sang the vesper psalm
Then from his mother, loving as beloved,
From her who had to him a sister proved,
Follow'd by sobbing friends, and by his few
Devoted servants, who, as he withdrew,
And left his blessing with them, wept aloud
The saintly man, so lofty but not proud,
Gentle as firm, by his conductors grim,
Who paused not to observe his crippled lim
Along the dark and silent streets was hurried
To the deep vault, like corse at midnight buried

For nigh twelve months the process was
While every fortress, every gaol was thronged
With pale and tortured forms, and human
Drench'd the hot ground till it could drink no more
Venice, Milano, Mantua's cells were gorged
More rapidly than fetters could be forged ;

And those who suffer'd and who perish'd then
Were not Earth's vilest, but her noblest men ;
Of various ranks, but all of kindred worth,
Whether in cot or palace they had birth.
Luxury's soft hand the palm of Labour grasp'd,
And priest and soldier oft in death were clasp'd.

Tranquil at first Enrico's prison hours.
He had not spent his youth in Pleasure's bowers,
But had by abstinence fortified each nerve
For hard endurance, and prepared to serve
His God as duty or as faith required,
In active life, or from the world retired.
Harder his penance, longer soon his fast,
And weeks of solitude enforced he pass'd.
Beside his clanking irons no sound he heard,
Except the warder's tramp or sullen word,
Or through the buttress'd wall the muffled chime
Which minded him of each accustom'd time
For prayer ; and the accustom'd prayers he said
By heart, for there scant rays the morning shed,

And rare the star that pierced its later gloom :
But there an angel sojourn'd in a tomb.

Without a murmur he endured and grieved,
But heavy moans his aching bosom heaved
When sleepless on his rugged couch he lay,
Thinking of that lorn mother far away,
Whose sighs and prayers did then for him ascend ;
And of dear kin and many an absent friend,
And lost companions in like dungeons thrust,
In exile some, and others in the dust.

From month to month, while he grew worn and weak,
And hectic hues suffused his sunken cheek,
He had to bear the test of some fork'd tongue
Where round the walls the tools of torture hung :
At times as milk the crafty queries mild,
Or sugar'd as when babes are reconciled
To nauseous potions, but with menace oft
Ending the interrogations smooth and soft.
But, though he was not caught in specious slime,
Nor fear'd the threatening sting, if it were crime

To love his country he did guilt confess ;
Nay more, not to appease their ruthlessness,
But truth to speak, as ever was his wont,
Avow'd with a firm voice and lofty front
The words and acts of which he was accused,
But to inculcate others still refused.
As thus with words they did his memory probe,
Plucking with ruffian hands his threadbare robe,
At times a distant shriek his heart would pierce,
While fiendlike joy lit up their features fierce ;
And, when to face some tortured friend compell'd,
His tears supplied the proof his lips withheld.
At last the hapless man himself was stript,
And strokes from practised arms his muscles clipt,
Till, as the stripes could not a name extort,
With scowls they closed their blank or false report ;
And, as when hunters call away the hounds,
To let the stag recover from his wounds,
For future sport consign'd to Nature's care,
So was Enrico left to seek his lair,
O'er his torn flesh his sacred habits thrown,
To ruminate in darkness and alone,

And there to heal or fester for a term,
But with Promethean fortitude still firm.

Many in separate, secret chambers bore
Like, if not equal rigors, and none more ;
And every word that scaped a quivering lip
Was noted in the nimble penman's scrip ;
The notes were then compared, and, if the chain
Of proof was not complete, by stress of pain
They tried to find fresh links, and perjury
Fill'd up the gaps still left by cruelty.

Sleepless from grief, fresh stripes, and recent scars,
Enrico heard outside the narrow bars
That let the chill air into his damp cell,
After the tolling of the midnight bell
A voice that like an angel's summons came,
Which made him weep at his baptismal name.
He answer'd, when again the voice was heard
Distinct through the still air, but every word
It utter'd like a dagger pierced his breast,
Though he had foil'd the torture's sharpest test ;

And in his soul the kindling anger burn'd,
When told 'twas said he had approver turn'd,
And that the revelations which he made
Would vengeance bring on those he had betray'd.
Deep in his bosom rankled that barb'd shaft,
Then to the lees he drank the bitter draught
Of misery. But to be so accused
Alike his conscience and his heart refused,
And so he penn'd and blotted with his tears
A dolorous protest for his loved compeers,
If haply one might find it passing by,
Adding thereto, that no one should deny,
Copies of all that he had sent or said
To his custodian. Thus the letter read :—

‘ Whoe’er thou art, into whose hand shall fall
Through Providence these lines I write for all,
If an Italian heart thou hast, and thou
Feel’st for his woe who hath endured enow
For love of country, but endured with joy,
And under the inflictions they employ

Continually who still doth calm remain,
Yet knows not how the anguish to sustain
Of the suspicion that because of him,
His weakness, (here the lines were moist and dim,)
Others have suffer'd, and yet more will moan,
Then do all which thou canst to make this known.'

He briefly then described the gaol's duress,
The tortures greater as his strength was less,
His many wounds which time would never heal;
His fault was prudence falling short of zeal;
Bade them be prudent, and did them implore
They would suspect their suffering friends no more.
The writing was not lost, 'twas found, 'twas read,
Copied and strown like seed that turns to bread,
The bread of thousands, and in this far nook
Of English ground now on those words I look.

But other scripts in cypher left us prove
How holy were his thoughts, how pure his love.
The lines he to his widow'd mother sent
Till the last month of his imprisonment,

When she died broken-hearted ; and each note
Which to his brothers, pupils, friends he wrote,
Alike the imprint show'd of his wise mind,
The tokens of his heart so true and kind,
And yet withal so manly and so brave ;
Forgetting not the land he strove to save,
Even in the depth of his domestic sorrow,
But from his dungeon hailing the bright morrow
Then dawning on his clear prophetic eye,
And soon to flash along the azure sky
O'er Alp and Appenine, and from the Sea
Of Adria to the beach of Sicily.

Slowly that year of agonies roll'd round,
But he was never more to hear the sound,
Even in his 'dungeon, of the hallow'd bells
That would rejoice the prisoners in their cells,
The chimes that would commemorate the morn
When He who came to set all free was born.
Of drear November twenty-third the day,
Just after he awoke to mourn and pray,

The warder told the sufferer that a friend,
The priest Martini, would that day attend
And visit him ; and soon Martini came.
When, in his heavy fetters maim'd and lame,
Enrico rose and clasp'd the reverend man,
And did each line of his known features scan ;
Nor did Martini shrink from the embrace,
Though grave and trist the aspect of his face,
Like one who had sad tidings to announce,
But lack'd the courage to report at once.

Enrico was not tardy to surmise
That some sad message prompted those deep sighs,
And instantly prepared his mind to hear
That the last hour, for which he long'd, was near.
In tones like accents from a sepulchre,
While calm he listen'd, spoke the messenger,
Saying the Church had made decree that he
And Ottonelli should degraded be,
And then disconsecrated. With a smile
Compassionate, like that he wore erewhile,

Enrico heard, then question'd for what crime ?
' High Treason !' Or, as call'd in Rome's old time,
So like these days, the Law of Majesty.
In vain Enrico urged, as his just plea,
'Twas without sanction of the Canon Law ;
Martini, who cared not to split a straw,
Said ' Rome commands it.' ' But must we obey,
If Rome commands injustice as this day ?'
' We treat not here of dogma—Rome commands,
The Bishop will tomorrow with his hands
Perform the act.' The speaker's faltering voice
Proved that the mission had not been his choice ;
And when Enrico, smiling, as before
Complain'd of Rome's injustice, and still more
Her haste without a hearing to condemn,
While the War Council (less he hoped from them)
His sentence still delay'd or secret kept,—
Martini, as if he knew other, wept,
And of Christ on the Cross reminded him.
Pointing, as if he saw the Sanhedrim,
Priests, soldiers, rabble, spoke Enrico thus :—
' Placed there by ruthless foes iniquitous !

Dost thou assume that character ? I dare
Not with the Lamb of God myself compare.'

' True—I but meant that thou should'st bear the rod
Of chastisement as if it came from God.'

' Yes, in that mode the traveller should receive
The assassin's blow as dealt by God's own leave.'

The morrow came, and Rome fulfill'd her pledge,
Preluding sacrifice with sacrilege.

While some shed tears, the Bishop shuddering rasp'd
The anointed fingers, and the robe unclasp'd
Of the mute prisoner, meekly kneeling there
As if before his God he bent in prayer.

Then came more forms, and prohibitions dread
To soothe the dying or to bless the dead ;
Which done and utter'd, and laid down the knife,
The Bishop told him not to hope for life,
And sobbing, swooning on the pavement fell,
But unperturb'd the victim reach'd his cell.

Promptly Enrico did the Bishop send
A protest, in his dungeon's glimmer penn'd ;

Expressing solemn thoughts in simple words,
Yet tender as the last song of sweet birds ;
A sermon on the Apostolic text
Cupio dissolvi ! Here long sorely vex'd,
And without function now, he long'd to part,
And find the love which in his mother's heart
Had throbb'd for him, and which would never cease
In the asylum of eternal peace.
And he concluded, pleading earnestly
For all involved, whatever the degree,
Cleric or lay ; had he more lives to give,
He'd give them freely so that they might live.

Letters to kin and friends he then address'd,
And each the same serenity express'd,
And proved, if other proof were needed then,
His wisdom, and his love of God and men.
To quote from them were only to repeat
What I have told, except that now more sweet
The cup of comfort, hallow'd by his lip,
The pathos deep as if his pen could dip

In his own heart, and in his thoughts the glow
Which setting suns upon the oriel throw.
Oh ! wonderful to see in frame so weak
Nerve which in Athletes you in vain would seek ;
To find in such a fragile form a soul
That could defy fierce Tyranny's control ;
Patriot, priest, sage and man combined in one,
Firm friend, true brother, and most filial son.

December fourth the sentence was proclaim'd :
Enrico and four others therein named
Were doom'd to death—for various terms the rest
To irons, which meant more than was express'd ;
And then, to hear it, that sad brotherhood
Before the Piazza of San Pietro stood,
Where the stern Austrian garrison were ranged,
Nor thought how soon the scene would be all changed.
The people seem'd with consternation stunn'd,
Hearing Enrico's sentence ; then a sound
Of murmurs rose, as when through forest pines
The Autumn blast sweeps from the Appenines ;

For he had been their guide—their father—and
‘ The Apostle ’ and ‘ the Angel of the Land : ’
So they had call’d him, and still deem’d him such,
But now their common sorrow and reproach.

Jurists, more learn’d than wise, impugn’d the laws,
As foxes might dispute ’neath tigers’ claws,
While simple folk aloud, as with one breath,
Said love of country did not merit death.
A few, who trembled for themselves, turn’d pale,
Knowing the bloodhounds then were on their trail ;
Some mutter’d imprecations deep, but none
Call’d to the rescue—silent some look’d on.
Their ardent youth had by brute force been crush’d,
Yet many for their land still hoped and blush’d,
Though without cause to blush, for there was proof
Their steel could turn the Croat’s lance and hoof,
As soon they did the astonish’d world convince
By deeds that have emblazon’d history since.

But would the unfrock’d priest obtain reprieve
Whom the Church did to Austria’s mercies leave ?

In vain did highborn dames, illustrious men,
Senator, soldier, priest and citizen,
Beseech his respite, nor among them least
The form that stript the desecrated priest
With trembling hand, and then upon the ground,
When the sad office was completed, swoon'd.
In vain Enrico's kin did weeping kneel
To Benedek, whose heart was ribb'd with steel ;
And when they press'd him, in their blinding grief,
To seek an audience with his aged chief,
He curtly said they should their minds apply
How to prepare the unhappy man to die.
Wast thou as well prepared, stern warrior hoary,
To obey the call, and march to death and glory ?
Oh ! it were well for thee, in thy last pain,
Could that wan priest thy sinking soul sustain.
But why this stir among the anxious crowd ?
What do they say ? That there will be no blood !
Some laugh'd, some danced, some shouted, others wept,
Many had fears, and through the night few slept.

Enrico to his dungeon came no more,
And on some other closed its iron door.
To Saint Teresa's guarded walls he went,
Where the condemn'd for their souls' good are sent,
And bide until they hear the deathbell toll.
While stars unseen did o'er his chamber roll,
He rose in the still watches of the night
And did the postscript of his life endite,
His last words to his friends both old and young
Of either sex ; and never poet sung
In strains more pure and tender ; preacher ne'er
Had a more solemn theme, for now the year
Of tortures and disgrace and heavy woes
In blacker clouds was verging to its close :
But, writing from the precincts of the tomb,
Sacred he said would his monitions come.
Then, fasting still, while dim the taper burn'd
He to his prayers and sleepless bed return'd.

And, when the morning broke, his face serene
Wore in the growing light celestial sheen ;

Nor did a shadow pass across his brow,
Or tremor reach his heart, when told that now
The hour had come, the long expected hour,
But which came not too soon. From the dark tower
Peal'd the slow bell ; but, ere Enrico moved,
Around him gather'd those he dearest loved
For his last blessing and his last embrace ;
And, though they all could lines of anguish trace,
Like balm Divine his consolation pour'd
Upon their bleeding hearts, and every word
He utter'd seem'd to them a voice from Heav'n.
Grief into admiration changed, and even
The most obdurate did him reverence.
Then, in the consciousness of innocence,
Strong in his trust in God, his faith in man,
He enter'd with light step the hearselike van
With those who comrades were to be in death,
As in life sufferers for their common faith ;
And from Pradella to Belfiore pass'd
The sad procession, with a concourse vast
Of real mourners. To the crowd he threw
A letter for Acerbi, his Adieu !

Which they transmitted. Priest of Rome no more,
But still by Heaven commission'd as before,
' Priest of his people and humanity
For ever,' to his four companions he
Words of high comfort spoke, and not in vain;
And, when he saw upon Belfiore's plain
The scaffolds five, once more Enrico smiled
As when his mother kiss'd her infant child;
And with his calm and gentle voice he then
Exhorted his co-mates to die like men.

And each of them so died, and farewells breathed
To Italy, and to her their hearts bequeathed,
While sighs and groans and murmurs swell'd around,
Nor could the rolling drums o'ercome the sound.
Then last Enrico on his scaffold stood,
And it proved true that they would shed no blood,
For the garotta, engine of old Spain,
Did the foul work and left no crimson stain!
But not more glorious at the flaming stake
Look'd Nola's Sage, when dying for Truth's sake;

Not more undaunted Sidney, when he said
‘ Strike on !’ and to the block bow’d down his head,
Than did Enrico in that iron frame,
Submitting to a felon’s death of shame !
And like a moongleam after an eclipse
The wonted smile was seen on his cold lips.

Hark ! From Palermo to the Bridge of Sighs
They shout ‘ To arms !’—in arms the Italians rise ;
Victors at times, when vanquish’d unsubdued,
Only with life to end that mortal feud.
And, when they reach Belfiore’s field, they march
Prouder than legions ’neath triumphal arch,
Yet slow their steps, and all their arms reverse,
While their stern lips the Despot’s Satraps curse.
But, as the drumbeat ceases, and they halt
Where in the ditch under Heaven’s cloudless vault
The martyrs rest, their breasts heave sighs profound,
And their hot tears drop on the hallow’d ground.
Then to gay strains Northward they hold their way ;
And one blithe dawn, that purples peak and bay,

Clouds of white sails rise from the rolling brine,
And mighty hulls like armèd warriors shine ;
Strange trumpets shrill, and echoing salvos roar,
And not since Doria stood on Genoa's shore
Such acclamations shook that lofty strand
As when the Gallic soldiers leap'd to land.
' Twas then Napoleon, true to his old kin,
Did the great name of the Deliverer win ;
Shock follow'd shock of the embattled hosts,
Till o'er the Mincio's crimson tide, like ghosts
At gleam of day, the Austrian squadrons fled,
And then the lovely land which some thought dead
Was free—ay, all but one black spot was free
From Alp to Etna, and from Sea to Sea.

All which accomplish'd was within seven years
Of that dark morn when thousands were in tears,
And breasts did like the waves of ocean swell,
As loved Enrico bade the world farewell !
And, at this moment, o'er that one black spot
Where Bruno's pyre was kindled, and the shot

Of Oudinot and De Failly's ambuscade
Of true Italian bosoms targets made,
The spot whence issued the malign decree
Enrico should disconsecrated be ;
There, though still there the shadow of the Dome
Falls on the shafts and sepulchres of Rome,
At last the trump of Resurrection peals,
And flights of dingy skirts, that flap the heels,
Like imps of Mother Baubo's midnight brood
Scud from the Seven Hills o'er Ocean's flood,
And refuge seek on distant Albion's cliffs,
Where every wandering beak fresh quarry sniffs.

Such the events—but why they so befell
The historian's conscience, centuries hence, may tell
More calmly than the living witnesses
Can at the tragic drama's close express.
To most who saw, it may suffice to know
The retribution came not slack or slow ;
And, haply, some more meditative mind
May thus conclude, but fitter words might find :—

‘ Dost ask why Earth’s best men oft suffer most,
Why Truth and Freedom such high ransom cost ?
How comes it Right ’gainst Might hath no defence,
And that Crime persecuteth Innocence ?
How is it Evil overcometh Good ?
That problem no one yet hath understood,
Though men for ages have the theme revolved,
And while Earth lasts it may remain unsolved.
We bow submissive to the Sovereign Will,
And own our ignorance while we ponder still ;
And, lost in speculation, may not doubt
The Eternal Wisdom works its purpose out.
The World is not a Paradise of Fools,
But a hard school, where for a period souls
Are taught, and disciplined, and qualified
For their high calling ; and, as gold is tried
By fire, so all that purest is and best
In mortals needs affliction’s crucial test,
Which doth from grosser elements refine
Till human nature looks almost Divine.
And, when the clouds of night and death disperse,
In the great temple of the Universe

The much-tried man, for whom thou now dost grieve,
Will robes of immortality receive.
A truer patriot ne'er for Country died,
And of the followers of the Crucified
Was none more humble or more faithful found ;
As Saint and Martyr canonised and crown'd,
Not by authority to mortal given,
But God's own fiat, with the acclaim of Heaven.'



NOTE.

For the particulars of the life and death of Enrico Tazzoli I have relied on the brief but spirited, and often deeply pathetic, biography of this Italian scholar, priest, and patriot, written by Gaetano Polari, and published at Turin in the series called 'I Contemporanei Italiani.' Many of these memoirs are composed by men who lived and acted in the scenes which they describe; and not only are the topics most interesting, but the style and tone of the authors are equal to the themes. Small in size, but great in matter, the books are sold at a very low price; but the wide circulation which they have obtained is due, not to their cheapness, but to their truth, and to the love and admiration which the people of Italy feel for those who accomplished and suffered so much for them.

If those who may glance at my humble tribute to Enrico Tazzoli will refer to Polari's narrative, they will see that I have not exaggerated his manly virtues and Christian graces. 'Nothing,' his biographer says truly, 'can give an idea of the spiritual power of men in these last times like this grand sacerdotal figure in the volcanic epoch of 1851.... Perhaps to have dared, with such

scanty means, things so nearly impossible, was illusion, but, in any event, sublime illusion. Perhaps it was temerity, but it was heroism.'

Among the most impressive and touching mementos which he has left, are the letters to his family and friends during his long imprisonment. A few passages, taken from that which was written on the eve of his execution to his young nephew, will suffice to show their pervading wisdom and tenderness :—' I have always felt love for thee as for a son : hear then my last words, thinking that they are dictated from the heart ; and are sacred because pronounced from the brink of the grave. I.—Be religious. II.—Be loving.... First of all love God.... Love thy country ; never to conspire, which I absolutely prohibit ; but love her truly, and be ready to sacrifice thyself for her ; edify her by thy virtues. Love thy family.... Study much to be useful, and in the truth love that which is good.... Have a heart for the poor.... Finally love all men.... Avoid effeminaey to be strong in adversity.... Thou bearest my name ; those who will call thee by it may have in thee a motive to remember me with kindness. To preserve good fame entire is a duty even more than an advantage. Put in practice these my last remembrances, and receive my benediction.'

While in prison he composed three discourses, one on Mothers, one on Resignation, and another on Pardon, and requested that they should be published in behalf of the Asylums of Charity, whose welfare he ever had at heart.

His demeanor, when proceeding to the place of execu-

tion with his four condemned associates, was not less devout than magnanimous. In the words of Polari, which I have literally rendered in my verse, 'Non più prete di Roma, ma sacerdote per sempre del suo popolo e dell' umanità, favellava ai compagni parole d' alto conforto.' And, after his companions had successively in his presence died like Christian men, he submitted to his cruel doom with the fortitude and resignation that became his pure and holy life. The portrait prefixed to the narrative is a faithful index of his mind, the forehead and features being of the finest Italian type, and combining intelligence, suavity and firmness.

Among those who took part in the later efforts to liberate Italy, as combatants in the field, were his pupil Arrivabene, and the young nephew who bore his name. His spirit continued to animate his countrymen, and, as his biographer proudly bears testimony, guided them in their heroic course from Marsala to Palermo, and from Palermo to Volturno.

It was of Enrico Tazzoli and other patriot priests that Garibaldi said, 'I buoni preti non sono tutti morti.' ('The good priests are not all dead.')

To the courage and devotion of these and others of her sons, and to the sympathy and steadfastness of her people, Italy owes her present position among the nations. While Englishmen have been distracted by party conflicts, and discussing franchises, ballot, and like minor questions, and supinely allowing free scope to priestly pretension and Papal audacity, their Southern contemporaries have been contending for the broad principles of

Civil and Religious Liberty, and shaking off the yoke of Foreign Despotism; and 'martyr'd blood and ashes' have been sown broadcast, and not in vain,

'O'er all the Italian fields.'

Little more than two hundred years have elapsed since Milton wrote his sonnet on the 'Massacre in Piemont' of Protestants by the soldiers of the Duke of Savoy, because they would not embrace the Roman Catholic religion; and since he penned, in the name of Oliver Cromwell, the Letter of Remonstrance, beseeching and conjuring the Duke 'to call back to his thoughts the moderation of his predecessors, and the liberty by them granted and from time to time confirmed to their subjects the Vaudois.'

In this century the descendants of the same ruler and people have led the van of the armies of Italy against her oppressors, and 'Il Re Galantuomo' has become the accepted monarch of the entire nation. Its Parliament is now sitting in Rome, and Garibaldi is Member for the Eternal City! Could the English poet have witnessed this tardy but complete recompense for centuries of thralldom and degradation, he would, not in English, but in the Italian tongue of which he was master, have celebrated this triumph in fitting strains. Once more he would recognize 'the composed magnanimity of the Italian,' of which he bore witness in his Second Defence of the People of England; and he would see fulfilled much of the prophetic vision which he then contemplated:—'Surrounded by congregated multitudes, I now imagine that, from the Columns of Hercules to the Indian Ocean,

I behold the nations of the Earth recovering the liberty which they so long had lost.' He would no longer lament the Inquisitorial hindrances to the advancement of knowledge of which the learned men complained, among whom (as he tells us in his *Areopagitica*) he had the honour to sit, and by whom he was 'counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning then was brought.' 'Then it was,' he adds, 'that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.'

That no thanks are due to the Roman Church for the mental freedom which Italy now enjoys may be seen on a cursory inspection of the present Index ; and the recent promulgations from the Vatican supply yet more cogent proof. The determination to prevent free thought, and the spirit of persecution are as strong as ever ; and, had not the power been wanting, Domenico Berti would ere this have been consigned to a dungeon, and punished in the flesh, for his life of the philosopher Giordano Bruno, who was bound to the stake and burnt at Rome in 1600. That noble biography is not only a monument to the martyred sage, but a pillar that marks the progress of Italian Liberty and Intellect.

Among the English statesmen who have evinced a deep interest in the Italian people throughout their arduous struggles, Mr. Gladstone will be remembered ; especially for his earnest remonstrances on behalf of the patriots

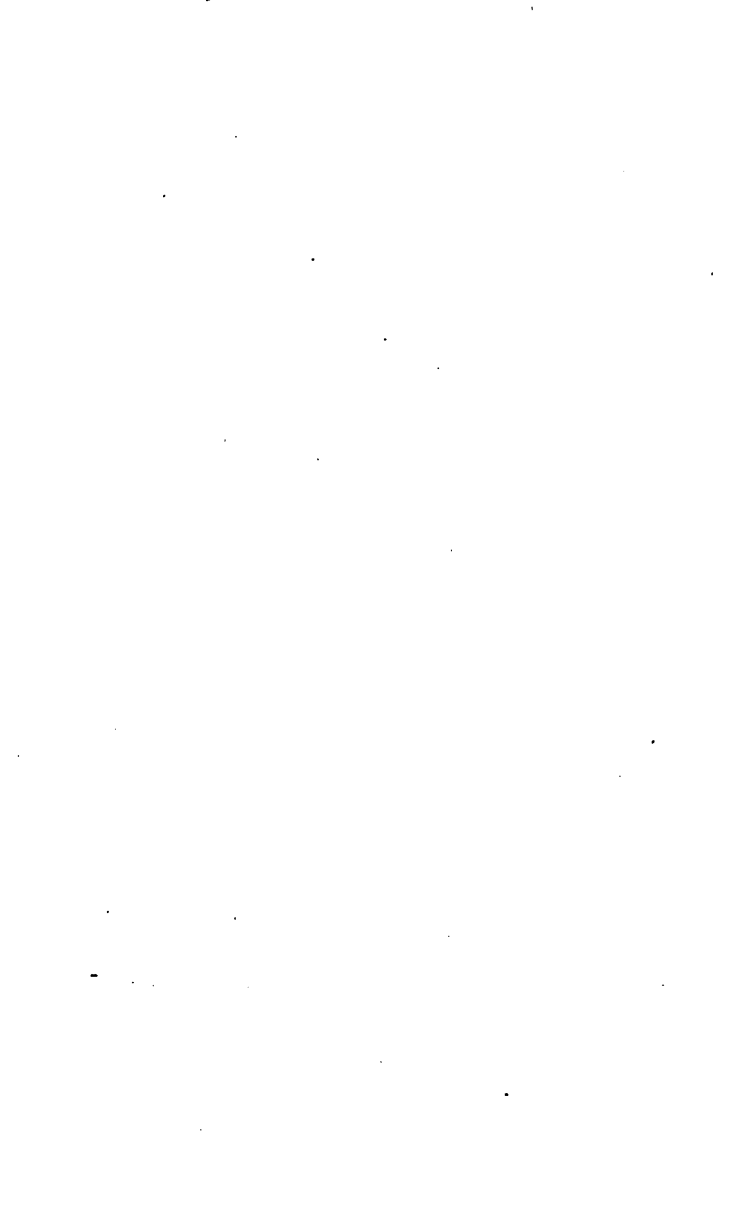
whom he found in irons in the foul cells of Naples in 1851, when his efforts elicited from Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons an emphatic approval. It was in the following year that, unknown to Mr. Gladstone, and probably to any Englishman, Enrico Tazzoli was undergoing his long imprisonment and heavy torture at Mantua with the sanction of Austrian Generals,—the worthy colleagues of Haynau, the flogger of Hungarian ladies,—yet who were regarded and eulogised by persons in this country as distinguished and heroic soldiers !

Nor can we forget, in connection with this subject, the name of Peard, the Cornish gentleman who accompanied Garibaldi in his triumphant course from Sicily to Naples, and who afterwards received the Liberator at his mansion in Cornwall, where thousands, who came to render the homage of true hearts to the Italian hero, paused to admire the bust of his associate, sculptured by an Italian artist, and presented by the most distinguished Italian noblemen, statesmen, citizens and soldiers in the name of the Italian people.

In the course of events, and, as some think, by Divine retribution, the long-continued atrocities have been avenged ; and, taught by bitter experience, and stimulated by the indomitable spirit of Kossuth's countrymen, the Austrian Government has become Constitutional in the English sense of the word, if not Liberal in the full meaning of that term. The Emperor Francis Joseph appears earnestly desirous of improving the political, as well as the social, condition of the various races subject to his sway ; emulating the

example of one of the greatest Reformers and sincerest Philanthropists of the century, the Emperor Alexander of Russia. Thus the onward course of Humanity and Liberty continues in spite of all hindrances, and Princes and Peoples alternately, often adversely, and at times in happy union, become under God instruments for the regeneration of Nations, and the welfare of the World.

‘ E PUR SI MUOVE.’



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Recently published by Messrs. LONGMANS and Co.
(1873.)

Foolscap 8vo. price 5s. cloth.

POEMS OF LATER YEARS,

INCLUDING

THE CHANTRY OWL, THE CITY, THRASEA, THE
HYMN OF CLEANTHES, &c.

OPINIONS of the PRESS :—

‘The Poems of Later Years are quite as meritorious as the former Poems, and one Poem, “The Chantry Owl” is particularly bright and pleasing. This, with a light, airy touch, puts into the mouth of a very wise Owl a great many things worthy of a far higher wisdom.’

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

‘That the Author of these Poems of Later Years possesses the true “faculty divine,” we cannot doubt; he is one who feels the influences of Nature, and sympathises with all her moods. He can write, too, most felicitously of men and manners, and that with a vein of satire which, far from displeasing, adds a grace and spirit to his verse. His tone is scholarly, and in some of his themes a power and vigour of no ordinary calibre are displayed. “The Chantry Owl” is full of quaint humour and its easy diction falls pleasantly on the ear.’

LITERARY WORLD.

‘The first poem in this collection is a fair specimen of Mr. Stokes’s powers, with perhaps more of humour and wit and kindly satire than he generally allows himself an opportunity of displaying. . . . Seated on the ruined wall of the building where Monks once meditated and fasted, feasted and prayed and read, the Owl pours forth a description that extends through two cantos, of the old convent life, interspersed by some bright sallies of thoroughly legitimate satire. . . . Twenty-five sonnets under the title of “The City” are a series of pleasantly-drawn contrasts between London at the present day and

London fifty years ago—full of feeling and thought, and with here and there passages of genuine beauty. "Thrasea" supplies conclusive proof that Mr. Stokes can write strong and stirring blank verse Mr. Stokes has translated the "Hymn of Cleanthes" with creditable accuracy, and with much dignity of language. Nor can we pass by unnoticed a charming little lyric, "So have I;" utterly unpretentious, there are few people who will not be struck with its grace and ease.' THE HOUR.

'His style is chaste and elegant, he has a keen appreciation of Nature's beauties, and a rich insight into human thought and feeling, and shows now and then traces of truest humour.' LEEDS MERCURY.

'The Author of "The Vale of Lanherne" "Memories," &c. presents us with several additional compositions in no wise of inferior merit to his former productions, some of a domestic cast, and expressive of natural affection and sincere emotion, calmed perhaps, but not lessened, by lapse of years; others distinguished by a vein of cheerful and trustful piety. "The Chantry Owl," the principal poem, for length, in the volume, relates, in a simple and appropriate measure, and in a style notably free from all verbiage and obscurity, the supposed reminiscences of one patriarchal owl, from the days of Bluff King Hal and Wolsey to these, but treated in such a manner as forcibly to suggest to us the august muse of history suffering under a spasm of suppressed laughter. The tragic story of "Thrasea Pætus," in which some of the contemporary atrocities of Nero are glanced at, is in a solemn and touching strain; and we find a version of the noble "Hymn of Cleanthes," distinguished by force and faithful rendering. Sundry of the minor poems—"So have I," "Sing again," "A Song of After Years"—are simply charming, so easy and graceful is the flow of the verse.'

PUBLIC OPINION.

'Mr. Stokes's *Poems of Later Years* are racily written, and therefore readable. He has wisely steered clear of the dangerous rocks entitled sentiment and philosophy on which so many bards are shipwrecked, and being not vain-glorious, has produced a volume in which there is some wit, and in which the serious subjects of life are treated in a suggestive manner which has the merit of setting readers a-thinking.'

THE SCOTSMAN.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Published by MESSRS. LONGMANS and Co. (1872,)

Post 8vo. price 6s. cloth.

MEMORIES : A LIFE'S EPILOGUE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS :—

‘A work of sterling excellence, full of genuine poetic feeling, with not a little of high poetic force, written in a tone at once manly and cultivated, vigorous, honest, and displaying the possession of a very remarkable degree of original power.’

STANDARD.

‘To very considerable skill in versification, a rare and rich fancy, and a felicitous power of expression, the Author unites a very wide experience of men and affairs, and almost as much fruit of travel in foreign lands as his self-exiled model.’

ILLUSTRATED REVIEW.

‘A volume of very superior verse, and he who reads it once will recur to it again with pleasure and profit. The hymn entitled “A Voice from the Sick Chamber,” is exquisitely pure, worthy in every respect of the devotional spirit of Herbert or Heber, or Keble.’

MORNING POST.

‘The Author of “Memories” has a keen eye for the beauties of natural scenery, and possesses the gift of describing, in vivid and picturesque language, what he sees around him; and it is equally certain that he has thought deeply upon the questions which have occupied the attention of the public.’

BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

‘In the descriptive portion there is often a happy combination, after Byron’s own fashion, of careless, easy diction, picturesque painting, epigrammatic point, and

satirical allusion, and there is, here and there, the agreeable interpolation of a simple, pretty, tuneful song, or of a plaintive, but grateful and trustful hymn.'

ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

'Occasionally, as in the three first stanzas of Canto 7, he surprises us by a passage of really lofty poetical worth. His description of early morning is beautiful, and when he intersperses his story with lyrics like "Good bye," or "Abdalla and Zayda," we wish for more such ditties. But his strong point is humour, as shown in an episode, or in his incisive criticisms of men, manners, and authors, many of which are capital.'

GRAPHIC.

'We took up this volume with the ordinary feelings which reviewers have concerning new volumes of poetry, not expecting much gratification, but we have been most agreeably disappointed.'

EDINBURGH COURANT.

'Altogether "*Memories*" is a volume which we can recommend as the record of a life pregnant with interesting events, and as the worthy work of one who, in spite of the realistic nature of his subject, is never matter-of-fact and unpoetic. Sometimes he is particularly smart and epigrammatic.'

CIVIL SERVICE REVIEW.

'In the canto which deals with London revisited, there are many admirable pictures of a bygone age, and in the one which follows we have the return to the old Cathedral City. Several of the stanzas in this are very beautiful.'

CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE.

'It is full of thought, full of keen observation, full of views on the puzzles and perplexities of life, which prove the Author to be at once a man of meditative temper and of a long and active life, and it is marked in every page by those terse, happy, and often epigrammatic turns which show that the Author, with all his fluency and command of his mother-tongue, has thought as much of the style of his poem as he has of its substance and the fibre of its thought.'

BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR.

ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Royal 8vo. bound in cloth, price 10s. 6d.

THE VALE OF LANHERNE, AND OTHER POEMS.

*Second Edition, illustrated on Stone by HAGHE, from
Drawings by PHILP.*

*.*A few copies of the Edition still remain.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS :—

‘We borrow these verses from Mr. Stokes, whose volume of graceful poetry, dictated by strong local attachment, we have placed at the head of this article.’

QUARTERLY REVIEW : Art. Cornwall.

‘Lanherne is a highly picturesque spot on the Cornish coast. Mr. Stokes has sketched its features with a painter’s eye and a poetical spirit, giving to them an historical interest, when the subject admits.’

ART JOURNAL.

‘The work, from its intrinsic merits, is worthy of circulation, and will be read with pleasure by all lovers of thoughtful and melodious verse. The illustrations, which are in the first style of lithography, add much to its attractions.’

TAIT’S MAGAZINE.

‘Mr. Stokes writes of nature as one who truly feels her influences with simplicity, grace, and cheerfulness. We recommend all who can to visit the Vale of Lanherne—with this volume in their hand; while to those who cannot, it will call up visions of the sea and the green valley, even round a blazing hearth.’

LITERARY GAZETTE.

‘True feeling, a thorough sense and relish of a subject highly adapted for poetical treatment, and refined expression, are the characteristics of Mr. Stokes’s book.’

EXAMINER.

• His descriptions of the romantic scenes on the iron-bound coast of Cornwall, and occasional delineations of the simple-minded but interesting population inhabiting the region—

“ Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namanco- and Bayona's hold,”
are pictures no less novel than felicitous.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

‘ A very handsome volume. Of late years it has been the habit of a certain order of poets to put the worst face on everything. The present author is of another and a manlier feeling, he sees vigour in English principles, wisdom in national morals, and hope in national spirit. . . . But his discussions on those principles do not interfere with his poetry. He looks to nature and finds wisdom there; he sees in the loveliness of the English landscape a source of moral feeling; and bringing to the enjoyment of rural sights and sounds, and of rural pursuits, the gentle, yet ennobling, cultivation of the tastes connected with the life of the fields, he performs, in his degree, the highest office of literature, “to justify the ways of God to man.” ’

BRITANNIA.

